





HOME — THEN WHAT?

**THE MIND OF THE DOUGHBOY
BY THE DOUGHBOY HIMSELF**

HOME—THEN WHAT?

THE MIND OF THE DOUGHBOY, A. E. F.

BY THE DOUGHBOY HIMSELF

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JAMES LOUIS SMALL

WITH FOREWORD BY

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FOREWORD

ONE of the questions most frequently asked of me on my return from France in June, 1918, was "What is the American boy thinking about over there?" My stock answer to this was that any man who undertook to write a Baedeker of the Dough-boy's Mind must in the very nature of things be a human Argus, with a million eyes, and every eye an X-ray optic at that, and a thousand hands, each hand holding a pen with a thousand nibs. There were two million of America's sons over there at that time, and while at a distance of fifty yards they all looked alike, and strode along with the same confident step, and seemed rather to be cogs in a great machine than separate entities, soldiering had not made them any the less individual, and whatever had been done to them by their training to reduce or to elevate them to a type, physically their minds, in so far as I was able to get at them, had not ceased to function in the good old independent fashion. There are not wanting signs that a large number of observers who viewed it from coigns of vantage four or five thousand miles away, and others as well who studied the psychology of the doughboy through the large end of a telescope, have conjured up a beautiful vision of our lads rushing to the Front and over

the Top, their hearts ringing with a lyric version of the Fourteen Points of Peace, and other highly concentrated forms of American Ideals, and I would be the last person in the world to slur such a lovely idea; but it is the sad fact that at the time the boys were so gallantly going up and over, the Fourteen Points had not been promulgated, and that their main purpose and thought was to do a particularly disagreeable job as expeditiously as possible, unhampered by historical afterthoughts or purely political abstractions. Nor could I find any traces in their minds, their hearts, or their actions, that the idea of Peace Without Victory possessed any particular allure, but on the contrary, a very decided predilection for the beating up of the Hun in such fashion that the world would be assured against the possibility of ever having to beat him up again.

There were, nevertheless, certain grooves of thought into which their minds seemed to run. The first had to do with HOME, and they thought of that in terms of singular beauty. Some of them who had never before given much thought to HOME found it all on a sudden idealized, and they glorified it as a sort of Eden from which they had been temporarily exiled, and to which they longed to return, but not until they had further glorified it by doing well the thing they had left it to do. As an instance of this, I recall an encounter I had with an American doughboy early one morning in Paris. I was breakfasting in one of those chain-restaurants

with which that fair city is afflicted, when this glorious lad came into my life. Finding myself somewhat lonely, I hailed him and invited him to join me in a poor, but reasonably honest, platter of indifferent ham and ancient eggs. Some questioning elicited from him the information that, however else Paris might impress others, in his judgment it was "a shine." He considered it "a phony burg," and why anybody should rave over it, believe him, he couldn't see. Whereupon I tried to tell him of some of the things that had made the French capital a Mecca of delight to so many thousands of his compatriots, and he listened with entire respect, but at the end of my disquisition he came back upon me with——

"O H—ll, yes—Paris is all right; but, d—n it, IT AIN'T FORT WAYNE!!"

It was a pleasing retort, and I was glad of it, and in a very essential way, for in varying ways it was the sentiment of most, it showed that while in all probability the bulk of our sons overseas had always in the past taken their own country for granted, and had thought little, if at all, on the values of American Citizenship, they were coming back not better Americans perhaps, but more devoted, and more appreciative sons of America than they had ever been before. Which is one of the benefits that, like a lovely flower having its roots in mire, have sprung up out of the chaos of muddy, bloody ruin into which the War has plunged the world.

Again, they were thinking a lot of "DAD" and "MOTHER," and if DAD and MOTHER do not already know it as well as I do, who saw them face to face with temptations of an insidiously subtle sort, let me record here that the vast majority of them were as true to the ideals their fathers and mothers had set up for them as though DAD and MOTHER were right there with them day and night. I have not had the privilege of studying at close range other armies in the past, but I doubt if there was ever gathered together anywhere in the world a body of men equal in CHARACTER to those sons of ours "over there." They not only seemed obsessed with an urge towards the strictest kind of right conduct, but to it they had allied a stern resolve to keep themselves fit for the business in hand, and I have had them tell me in specific terms, with a light in their eyes that showed that they spoke not mere words, but their very souls, that they would rather cut off their right arms than by indulgence weaken their strength at a time when every ounce of it was needed to carry not only on but through. I was exceedingly glad to find this frame of mind among them for a very special reason. An official, high in authority in the United States Government, had requested me in my talks to the American Soldiers to warn them that "they should not regard going to France as the opportunity for indulgences in Wine and Women," and I had informed him that I would not insult American youth by assuming that they had any such

abominable ideas in their heads, and it was a joy to me when I got to France to find that my estimate of the character of Young America was as true as his was false, my only regret in the premises being that such as he were permitted to have anything to do with the destinies of our gallant boys, since in my judgment the merest association with minds of his type was contaminating, and to that extent demoralising. Fortunately, his contacts with the active fighting men were as limited as his knowledge as to their intrinsic character.

A third thought common to the fighting men across the sea was that War as it had been scientifically developed was a "rotten business," and made additionally rotten by the way circumstances compelled them to fight. They hated the mud of it, and they had a shame-faced sort of feeling that the heroism as well as the heroics of it had somehow been taken out of it by trench warfare. Long-distance fighting with an invisible foe was not suited to the temperament of the American boy. He is not by nature quarrelsome, but he loves a scrap. A Rough-House suits him to a Tee. His naturally ardent spirits made the long, dreary, underground watching and waiting, with its dull, dirty monotony, a thing that irked his soul. If those that I met and talked with could have had their way there would have been more hand-work and less machinery about it. They wanted to get out into the open and show Hans and Fritz that back in America a real fight was a face

to face affair, in which the Party of the First Part was a Man and not a Mole, who wanted nothing so much as direct individual results that he could see with his own eyes, whether the Party of the Second Part was a bigger man than he or not. This spirit was as strong in the men in the trenches as in those in the air, and while none of them wished to die unnecessarily, they were all more than willing to take their chances, which is why they had neither to be led nor to be driven over the top, and which, alas, is also why many of them in their eagerness to come to close quarters with their enemy ran into their own barrage fire, and died from shrapnel sped from their own guns.

As to their mental attitude toward the enemy, I found a remarkable sense of discrimination among them between the MAN and the THING THAT THE MAN DID. There was no hatred of the German as an Individual, but a deep-seated abhorrence of the Hun's acts and methods. A German Prisoner, save in very rare and highly aggravated cases, was sure to be treated with more consideration by his American Captor than he ever received at the hands of his own Officers, which may account for the surprising number of KAMERADS that suddenly developed upon the battle-fields where the Americans were active. It was a far safer place for a Hun behind the American forces than in front of them, and, despite his somewhat sluggish mental processes, Fritz was not slow to appreciate and to take advantage of the

fact. But the American Soldier had no softness in him in action, and there his attitude towards the foe was perhaps best expressed by the word of an American youth I encountered in Paris during one of his richly-earned rest periods. The last time I had seen that particular American lad was in an American School three years before at a time when he was preparing for College. Here in Paris I found him scarcely less youthful in spirit, but somewhat hardened physically by his strenuous experience in the Air Service. He wore the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre upon his breast, and it bore two palms, which signified that he had brought down two Huns in action. Considering his years, I thought of a question that had often arisen in my own mind, and I put it to him bluntly.

"Son," said I, "how does a youngster like you feel when he realises that he has killed a couple of men?"

"I haven't," he replied simply. "I've only smashed a couple of rattlesnakes."

In short, when the fighting was on in full force, in those dark months when the enemy appeared to be irresistible, with General FOCH as yet an undetermined quantity, with the British in Sir DOUGLAS HAIG's own words, "with their backs against the wall," and the Americans as yet untried, the boys from over here were thinking chiefly of their imminent job, resolved to do it as well as might be, to keep themselves fit, and dreaming of the Homeland.

If they were thinking of the future at all, it was the future only of the actual to-morrow, certainly not beyond it. To-day the situation is different. The War is over, or at least active armed hostilities have ceased until the Hun with his active Propaganda has succeeded in disrupting the Allies, and once more aligned the Armies the Armistice permitted to escape, and it is now less of the big job of America as a whole which has been left unfinished than their own special jobs in the days to come that they are concerning themselves with. They are already home in large numbers, and those of us who have our eyes open realise that they are thinking about something connected with their own individual future, but in just what terms? In a way, it is the purpose of this little volume to point that out. It was my privilege in my visit to France this year, in May, June and July, to come into a somewhat personal relation with many of them, largely through the medium of THE COMRADES IN SERVICE that splendid instrument of Morale Preservation, which in the difficult days following the Armistice rendered invaluable service in upholding the HOLD TOGETHER spirit of our lads not now fighting but marking time. And here let me digress for a moment to speak of the COMRADES. The Comrades in Service movement—for it has been a movement rather than an organisation throughout its brief history—furnishes a fine illustration of the adaptability of the real American spirit. It owes its origin to Prof. O. D. Foster, of Chicago, who,

in his service at the front and in the S.O.S., had come to feel very strongly that now was the appointed time to utilise and so far as possible to perpetuate those great unifying influences which had been born of the war and without which America never could have played its wonderful part in the liberation of the world. His contact with the men of the A.E.F. had convinced him of three things: first, that every American is an idealist; second, that no amount of military training would destroy his disposition to do things for himself in his own way instead of merely leaving it all to some one in Washington or at G.H.Q.; and, third, that in spite of his intense individualism, he was a friendly person, not caring very much as to the creed, politics or permanent residence of his neighbour in arms but demanding chiefly that he be a "regular fellow," willing to share his last blanket or his last cigarette with his mates.

With these things in mind, Dr. Foster started his first Comrades in Service Company Club at Gievres, France, adopting a name given to a similar organisation he had directed while Y.M.C.A. secretary at Camp Custer, Illinois. The men responded enthusiastically to the suggestion that they organise themselves (rather than be organised) into a club officered by themselves, choosing and promoting their own activities and filled with the spirit which the name implied. Encouraged by this success, and seeing the great need and opportunity presented after the sign-

ing of the Armistice, Dr. Foster made bold to outline his plan to Bishop Charles H. Brent, Senior Chaplain, G.H.Q., and to Mr. E. C. Carter, Chief Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.; Mr. E. L. Hearn, Chairman Overseas Commission, Knights of Columbus; Rabbi H. G. Enelow, Director Jewish Welfare Board, and Col. W. S. Barker, Commander of the Salvation Army. As a result of these conferences, an agreement was made providing for the fullest co-operation between the different agencies represented with a view to presenting and promoting the Movement among the officers and enlisted men of the A.E.F. At a great mass meeting in the Palais de Glace in Paris, January 12, 1919, attended by President Wilson and over 5,000 members of the A.E.F., the project was formally launched and at once heartily endorsed by the representative gathering.

Quarters were first secured at the Religious Work Department of the Y.M.C.A., but very soon these proved inadequate, and Chaplain Edwin F. Lee, U. S. Army, personal representative of Bishop Brent, was installed in offices in Paris furnished by the Army and a personnel provided by the Army and Welfare organisations began to be built up. In the carrying out of the plan, the Army furnished Chaplains and other officers and enlisted men, quarters, office equipment and supplies and printed an official handbook. The Welfare Organisations provided funds and personnel, together with use of huts and other facilities. Publicity was given through the is-

suance of a bi-weekly bulletin, of which nearly a million copies have been printed and distributed. Several booklets, chief among which were Professor Soares' book on "Old Testament Studies in Comradeship," Malcolm Dana's "The War in Terms of Comradeship," and Professor Collier's "A New World in the Making," and a large amount of miscellaneous literature were also distributed in large quantities.

The activities favored and promoted by the men in the Company Clubs varied all the way from a non-sectarian Bible class or a personal purity propaganda to a Jazz Band minstrel show or a forensic meet. Various Welfare agencies had before this time done more for the American Army than was ever done elsewhere for any group of similar men. But here was a chance for the men to do something for themselves and for each other, and to do it in their own way. The special interest of the men in the discussion of public questions led to the establishment of a Forum department to provide topics for discussion and where practicable speakers as well. In addition, at least half a million men were addressed in mass meetings, called for the purpose of preparing the minds of the soldiers for return to civilian life, the motive being furnished in the motto, "We are to be mustered out of America's Army, but we are not to be mustered out of America's service."

The original plan called for the formation of a veterans' association along these lines, but when the American Legion was organised by the officers and

men of the A.E.F., and after consultation with the Central Council of Comrades in Service, adopted almost in its entirety the platform and principles of Comrades in Service, it was thought best to co-operate with the American Legion rather than to attempt to organise a rival veterans' association, with the understanding that this co-operation would continue as long as the American Legion should be conducted upon that basis, and that the Comrades in Service as a purely military organisation among the men of the A.E.F. should cease to function with the return of the A.E.F. to America.

From May first until military necessities compelled a cessation of activities and the dissolution of the original organisation in the A.E.F., material assistance has been given the Comrades in Service Movement by the action of General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief, in placing at the disposal of Comrades in Service the sum of over 100,000 francs given by the *Chicago Tribune* to be used in whatever way General Pershing thought would be of greatest benefit to the soldiers. In announcing his decision, General Pershing said: "I have decided that this generous gift can be expended in no better way than by assisting the Comrades in Service, which affects and reaches every individual member of the A.E.F." General Pershing has since expressed the desire that the Movement be established as a permanent feature in the regular army, with such modifications as peace conditions may require.

In accordance with the spirit of this suggestion, a Continuation Committee has been organised in the U.S.A. and has appointed a subcommittee, of which Dr. Arthur W. Grose, of Rochester, New York, is the Chairman, to work for the permanent incorporation of the principles of Comrades in Service in the army and navy and their perpetuation through the American Legion and Community Service, Incorporated.

With disintegrating and demoralising forces at work on every side, in the days of the great reconstruction not less than in the days of the Great War, there is need for the unifying and genuinely constructive influence of that unselfish spirit of service which has characterised those Comrades in Arms who upon the battle-fields of France have laid the foundations for a new and greater America in a new and greater world.

In pursuance of an arrangement with this organisation, I was permitted access to our men, and I found them thinking hard and variously of several things, many of them lads of true vision wondering if the thing they had come over to do had really been done with a decisive finality, and uneasily sensing an actual loss of victory in the fact that having the enemy bagged they had been compelled by the Armistice to let him escape; many of them openly hoping that the Peace Treaty would not be accepted by Germany so that they might advance, and History not have to record a failure to carry through; but all of

them thinking loyally and lovingly of HOME, and both its relation to them and theirs to it. They were for the most part like a cast of actors in a great drama approaching its final curtain wondering what their next rôle was to be. In the occupied territory of Germany they were still close enough to their potential enemies to be thinking primarily of them, and their unsatisfied need for further discipline; but elsewhere, as I saw them in France, America was the burden of their thoughts. To concrete their ideas definitively was of course impossible, and it was here that COMRADES IN SERVICE, in my judgment, rendered a signal service not only to the men themselves, but to those of us at home as well who seek a leading insight into the innermost recesses of the soldier mind. In May, 1919, to stimulate self-expression among the men, at the suggestion of Capt. LEON SCHWARZ, U. S. Army, three prizes were offered of 500, 250, and 100 francs, respectively, for the three best essays on the topic, "HOME—THEN WHAT?" the subject having been selected by Chaplain H. C. FRASER, U. S. Army. Although only a brief time could be given for the writing of these papers owing to the rapid movement of our troops to America, several hundred were sent in to the Judges, representatives of the Paris editions of the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the *London Daily Mail*. The essays here presented have been selected from these, and as a whole, perhaps, present the best symposium of soldier thought in ex-

istence to-day. Indeed, to me they are more than that, for as I read them over and over again, I seem to glimpse not only the minds of our boys, but also to find in them a wonderful revelation of the Soul of our New America, born in the muck and mire of War, and bred in the blood of an unselfish devotion to the highest ideals of Service.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Ogunquit, Maine, September 30, 1919.

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HOME—THEN WHAT?

L'ENVOI

The nights we spent where the Boche flares lent
Their red to the moonlit sky
Are now forgot, and another spot
Is luring our footsteps nigh;
The hard heart thrills, for the rookie drills
Are things of a soldier past,
And gleams of home from across the foam
Are calling us all at last.

When rifles rust and the dingy dust
Collects on the I. D. R.,
Our thoughts will grope for the periscope
With visions of fields afar:
Of parts we played and of pals we made
That drift through a golden dream
That waits beyond with the halcyon
When memory reigns supreme.

J. P. C. in the last number of

THE STARS AND STRIPES

June 13th, 1919.

HOME—THEN WHAT?

FIRST PRIZE

MARCELLE H. WALLENSTEIN,
Pvt. 1 c. 104th Aerial Photo Section A.E.F.,
Weissenthurm, Germany.
Home Address: 416 N. 3rd St.,
Atchison, Kansas.

COME September—the promises of Congress bearing fruit—and the A. E. F. will be a memory. The first goal is home; the Yank in Europe must trade his o. d. for mufti before whatever ideas and ideals he has accumulated become correlated and codified. Then, living under conditions that make for freer self-expression, his theories and gropings should find their way to the surface. Assimilation into the life of his homeland will lie in the conflict between his changed attitude and whatever conditions there are to oppose it. Events at home already presage such a conflict.

The veteran will hop into politics much as he went for enemy machine gun nests, or followed the

barrage of his artillery, and, it is to be hoped, with as clear a head. Which does not mean that every buck private who crossed the Atlantic has aspirations for Congress, nor does it follow that he will take to the chautauqua platform or the soap box and proceed to howl himself into immediate disfavour. Not that. Still he is going into politics with an exploring forefinger, poking any number of holes into flimsy half measures, stripping away camouflage; prodding certain individuals farther than pre-election promises. This time and the next will find him looking under the band of the campaign cigar, and trying to do the same in regard to what lies under the hats of the men who want to represent him at Washington, at his state capital, and even in the council chambers of his home town.

Certainly the man home from Europe will inject the prophylaxis against the germ of any national disease resembling, in its slightest symptom, Prussianism: he must do this, else his dreams will be made hideous by the fear that his buddies who lie in the rest camps on the Vesle, the Marne and the Meuse, died for something hollow and vain. Just as surely must he refrain from throwing his influence into the pan weighted by that other extremist—the Bolshevik—and it will not be the man who car-

ried on in France until the day the armistice was signed, who will haul up the scarlet banner over our county court houses. There has been violence enough for him and his for generations to come; he has seen enough of his own kind fall before the agents of sudden death.

Having lived in Europe; being given an opportunity to compare the conditions of life in his own country with those of two, and in some cases, three and four foreign nations, there has come to him a realisation of the preciousness of American citizenship, and he will be the last to wish it fouled by the backwash of Europe's dissatisfied peoples. The circle about the stove under the leaky barrack roof has expressed itself quite clearly on the immigration problem more than once since last November. There now exists the feeling that the equal rights of America must not be handed to any and all, regardless of character and fitness, who after a too brief period of residence, express a desire to share in American benefits. So, as his rights as an American are dear to him, the soldier who represented his people in France, will have little toleration for or patience with the destructive radical, and will oppose him; just as he will oppose, with all his power, the coming to the United States of subjects of the ex-Kaiser,

and after a period insufficient to deprussianise them, voting for a President of the nation.

For the next few years, at least, it is felt that the nations of the eastern hemisphere should be allowed to shape their own courses, and, that after the conclusion of a satisfactory peace, the mingling by America in European and Asiatic affairs should be accomplished by the most cautious and conservative methods. Coupled with this is the belief that it is folly to undertake a housecleaning of the entire world when there is so much to be swept from our own doorstep.

Whatever their sentiments on coming to France, Privates Schmidt, Steffansky, Merillo, O'Hara, Pappas and Jansen must each feel, as the transport bears him once again in sight of the statue in New York harbour, that she is the shining image of his own sweetheart, always to be guarded and protected.

The question of the soldier's job is a pressing one; mostly he wants his old one back again, but if that is not as good as he believes himself capable of holding, then he will have a better one, and to get it and keep it he is willing and eager to prove himself able. For some endeavours he is better equipped mentally and even technically than when he put on the uniform. The superiority of his people in many

accomplishments remains uppermost in his mind; he scorns certain antiquated methods of Europe, but things he has seen have left their mark. If of the agricultural bent the Yank is returning home with a new idea about that three-acre strip, which since his birth has yielded little save a mixed crop of mullen weed and cocklebur. And he knows now what berry vines and certain small vegetables will do on the stony hillside facing the creek, once the stones are removed and the earth properly manured. For he has seen what Jacques Bonhomme and his husky wife can do with a patch of soil hardly sufficient for a self respecting back yard in the States; and he has seen the up-and-down vineyards of the Rhine. If he has no farm to go to, and still wants to try conclusions in that line, he intends to combine Yankee ingenuity and pep with European thoroughness and kick a perfectly good living out of the acres open to homesteaders.

If some branch of commercial enterprises engrosses him he fairly itches to get home, having once seen what Europe needs and wants, and the idea of getting there first, and all the other plans of a business scrap bubble within him like wine.

Everywhere the American soldier has gone, since the first of the expeditionary forces came over, Euro-

peans have remarked on his attitude towards women. There were times when men of the Allied armies laughed—always discreetly, be it remarked—because the Yank, a man who would fight with his two doubled fists, and sometimes drank more cognac than was good for him, kept the other sex on a pedestal and was content to elevate his eyes when he addressed its members. The pedestal of American womanhood will not be removed because of what the American enlisted man has seen in other countries. The Yank wants neither a beast of burden nor a brood mare of his woman, and existing conditions at home suit him beautifully.

He has seen little towns in France with boxed trees before the cafés, and always a statue of some dead dignitary or other, or perhaps merely a bronze cast of a purely mythological character, and he wonders if they can't do that sort of thing at home. Also he has ridden over the white hard roads and marvels that his progressive neighbours did not build highways as good long ago. Perhaps there will be fewer complaints about tax levies for worthwhile improvements after the last Yank is back in civies.

Then there's the matter of food—not army chow—but the meals he ate in the leave centres, or some obscure town while on convoy, or travelling on one

of the endless trips an army outfit is always making; or perhaps when he was a.w.o.l. It was always well cooked and cleverly served, no matter how little of it there was. So he will not be satisfied with the blotting paper variety of pie crust and fried-to-death steak which he took as a matter of course from the lunch counters in the old days. And lastly, while he is for getting things done and over with, his days off in the leave areas have brought him to see how much enjoyment the European takes from his leisure hours, and this latter affair, which involves checking the breakneck speed of American everyday life, promises something interesting, if not effectual.

Such are impressions as expressed by those in many branches of the service, in barrack and billet, from Brest to Coblenz. Summarised, perhaps, they might constitute something not so entirely different from the oath that the Athenian youth swore upon his assumption of citizenship. Ask the average Yank about the Ephebic oath and he will reply he knows nothing of it and cares less. Still, the gist of it lies in the back of his head whether or not he can give it definition.

SECOND PRIZE

JOSHUA B. LEE,
Private Base Hospital 43,
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IT is as noble to *live* for one's country as to *die* for it. There are those who merely live *in* their country, others who live *on* their country, and still others who live *against* their country, but the patriot lives or dies *for* his country. Thousands have died for America but millions are left to live for her. Will those millions live as heroically for her as those thousands died for her?

The stumps that stand in a field are useless. They do not produce anything. They do not consume anything. They just sit there and spoil the field and aggravate the ploughman. They do not harm anything, they are just there, obnoxious things. The field were better if they were rooted up and thrown out. What would a field of nothing but stumps be worth? There are human stumps. They take no part in community activities, they take no part in the Government, they never vote, they just live *in* their

country. But the ex-soldier will be a vital part of his government because he has learned that his government needs him no less than he needs his government. Men who offered their blood for their country in time of war manifested an interest that will not wane with the signing of peace.

Weeds are worse than stumps for they not only occupy space where grain might grow, but they are harmful to the field for they sap the strength from the soil. The man who never produces but always consumes is a human weed, be he rich or poor, high-brow or bum, if he does not work he lives *on* his country. If there are soldiers who think because of their service they should never have to do another day's work they should be quickly disillusioned. What we have done was our duty. The exoneration of America was our reward. As a bonus we have been accredited the place of hero in the hearts of our countrymen; and we are grateful, and it does not follow the lines of logical reasoning to suppose that the discharged soldier will join the idlers and become a burden to the country he fought for.

Johnson grass is worse than stumps or weeds. It sends its roots deep into the field, sapping the strength and choking out the grain. But worse than that, like a contagious disease it spreads so rapidly

that it requires much labour and several attempts to destroy it. One rootlet can, in an incredibly short time, sod the whole field. There is a class of people who bear a striking similarity to this grass. Their propaganda spreads rapidly and is difficult to uproot. The American soldiers in France have watched the Bolsheviki in Russia with indignation, and will show less tolerance for the Bolsheviki in America.

When three millions of men are discharged from the army and feel the freedom of civilian law as compared with the stern military regulations, it would naturally be supposed that so sudden a transition would be accompanied by the inclination to overenjoy the new freedom. But we have realised that America will be to a large extent what the men who wore the O.D. make it. Therefore, after having fought for law and order, it would be knocking the bottom out of our own mess-kit to return to civilian life to raise hell. Is there a soldier who after seeing the army loves the mob, or after knowing order enjoys chaos?

From the vantage point of soldiers we have had a bird's-eye view of the nations of the earth. We have had a panoramic view of Europe from Russia to Italy and the more we see of the world the better we love America. Regardless of what our

politics have been in the past our votes in the future will be controlled by one policy—America first. But let no one deceive himself, for every man who says, “noble heroes” and waves a flag need not expect our vote. We know what true patriotism is, we know what love of country means. We have fought for America and now do not propose to live against her.

While soldiering our blood has reddened, our muscles have hardened. The tooth-brush, the daily drill, the regular meals, the smooth shave, the clean shirt, the daily bath, the easy footwear, have all played their part. We are heavier, we are taller, we are stronger, and returning, we will infuse the iron of our blood into the nation and give her vigour.

We learned that filth and disease are the greatest enemies to mortal men. We know the importance of ventilation and drainage. We prefer the “pup tent” to the stuffy tenement cell. We are returning to practice what we have learned. As U. S. troops entered hundreds of French villages and cleaned them up just so will discharged soldiers return to every corner of America and apply the laws of sanitation.

Not only that but we have become acquainted with ourselves. The lad from the North was the pal of the lad from the South, the chap from San Fran-

cisco buddied with the boy from New York. Our world enlarged as we came to know each other. Acquaintance meant friendship, and what will this friendship mean to America when we return? There will be a cross-firing of friendly letters such as never happened before. New bonds will draw us together, new interstate commerce will arise and the fabrics of the nation will be strengthened.

Furthermore we felt our world broaden as we saw the hills of Ireland and Scotland, as we set foot for the first time on European soil, as we gradually learned their languages, their customs, their history. We have learned economy from the Frenchman, we have learned industry from the German, we have learned mechanical, electrical and civil engineering from experience. America shall have the benefit of our knowledge.

Better yet we have learned where happiness is. We never knew how to appreciate mother's cooking until we lived on corn willie and hardtack. We did not know how to appreciate our homes until we had lived in French attics. We know now that the American girl is the queen of the universe.

But best of all we found out how much we love America. Now that we have measured our government with the rest of the world we will make better

citizens for we return more than satisfied. We hardly realised before just what our government meant to us but now we know.

Ask us, then, what we will do when we get home? We will *live* for America. At the call to arms men dropped all other business, but now they return to take it up; from fighting to farming, from digging trenches to digging ore, from hauling munitions to hauling machinery, from filling sand-bags to filling flour sacks, from driving tanks to driving tractors, from supply office to mercantile business, from studying maps to practising law, from building barracks to building homes.

What soldier, at some time, has not crawled into his bunk and pulled the blanket up over his head only to lie there wide awake and dream rosy dreams of the future? In the recreation rooms the magazine pages that have pictures of cozy corners and neat little bungalows are thumbled and worn to tatters. Does that not hint as to the general trend of the A. E. F. mind? In the rain and chill of the winter months the soldier warmed himself with thoughts like these: he pictured himself sitting in a deep comfortable chair before a cheerful fireplace where the blaze curled up the chimney and the shadows danced on the floor, a bayonet, a mess-kit, a shell, a helmet

over the mantelpiece, and an inquisitive little boy upon his knee begging to be told the story of the Great World War. He pictured a woman singing at the piano, and a kitchen with "beaucoup eats," a kitchen that knew no limit, a kitchen where corn willie and hardtack should not enter.

Where is the soldier whose pulse does not quicken at thought of a beautiful little cottage with morning-glories trellised over the window, and a swinging seat on the porch, a fresh green lawn with pansies along the walk and roses in the garden, a car in the garage and a girlish little somebody to help enjoy it all? Whether we admit it or not we all alike have dreamed that same dream. It is the propeller of our lives. It was that dream that made us proud to come to France. It was going over that dream in our minds that shortened many a lonely hour on guard. It was that dream that turned our faces back toward the West the day the armistice was signed.

What will we do when we return? We will make our dreams come true. We will bring all that we have learned and lay it at America's feet, and in our vision for her we see waving fields and smiling valleys. We see a landscape dotted with prosperous homes and beautiful cities, a landscape checkered

with the best roads that modern engineering can construct. We see the arid regions irrigated and the swamps drained and the hitherto untouched resources pouring their quota into the arteries of commerce. We see America as glorious in peace as she has been in war.

THIRD PRIZE

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IN the calendar of a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces all things date from the point: "When I get home." This will be the brightest of red-letter days in his life, and thoughts of his homecoming have always been linked with plans for the future which would follow that great day. And now when their task is finished and thousands upon thousands of those crusaders, who reclaimed the fair fields of France and Belgium from the befouling touch of the Hun, stand upon the threshold of their re-entry into civil life, this question becomes imminent and pervades the minds of all.

Every soldier overseas has had ample time since the signing of the armistice for looking forward and planning his course, as soon as he has a chance to get into "civies" again, down to the last detail; and

there are as many sets of personal plans as soldiers in the Army. Old jobs are waiting, but many having had a taste of open air life, look back upon their former work as somewhat of a grind, and so plan for something different. They have lived the changeful life of the army and have decided that never again will office or store or bank hold them. Men who enlisted from the small towns and rural districts, having seen strange and wonderful sights and lived in a world of big events, realise the narrowness of their lives before the war, and there is a serious problem in the query of that popular song: "How are you going to keep the boys down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

As soon as those discharge papers are safely tucked away in his pocket, every man intends to take a direct route for the old home town to see Dad and Mother and the rest of the family. And then too, there is his best girl—he looks forward to "fraternising" with her with no one to say "verboten." Surely she has a prominent place in his home-coming. He went to join the colours just at the time when in a few months he hoped to marry and start with her a new home—the kind of a home which abounds in our land and which is the bulwark of our nation; but the war and the draft suddenly

changed all the future. He was called to the training camp and later crossed to the battle line of France. As he went forth in the early months of the war, "Not knowing whither he went," or even if it would ever be permitted to him to take the homeward path, her cheering letters, full of faith and hope and love, followed him to sustain and comfort his spirit. It is natural that in his personal plans for the future she holds the most prominent place, as he looks forward to going down that "long, long trail" with her.

But how will the returning soldier conduct himself in the broader relationships which appertain to civilian life? He saw upon the battlefields of France what a mighty force the young manhood of America was when organised against a powerful, blood-thirsty foe,—a would-be assassin of civilisation. Cannot and will not this co-operated manhood still maintain its powers and usefulness even after its constituents rejoin the army of civilians? Every thoughtful and observant man realises that in the rôle of a civilian, he will be called to battle against powerful foes of free government which exist in the homeland. The young manhood of our country under efficient leadership, compelled the haughty Hun on a foreign soil to plead for mercy. It is true that the guns of the enemy are silenced and a

France and Belgium are saved to civilisation in Europe but strenuous battles of peace are impending and problems are before us for solution, as important as any that have been incident to the great conflict just passed. The soldier has tested his strength when co-operating with other men and has seen success, and the confidence gained thereby will be a decisive factor in the coming battles of civilian life.

Love of country is no longer an abstract thing to the returning soldier. It has come to be a real and vital part of his life. Comparison of our own country, its ideals and customs, with the countries of Europe and their manner of life has resulted in a new conception of patriotism, a new meaning to the word America and a deeper appreciation for the ideals and institutions which we hold dear. He will realise more than before the exalted place which woman holds in our American civilisation and will ever be a valiant champion for her in the maintenance and enlargement of her rights. He will stand for the ideals of our land with reference to morality and sobriety. Any evil which threatens the sanctity of the home or the highest welfare of American citizenship will be met in conflict and overthrown. He has toiled, suffered and endured

hardship for that country and the principles which it upholds and he will ever remain ready to engage in combat any threatening foe.

In his personal relations with his fellow-men, there will be a marked change. He has seen men wounded; he has seen men die. He has seen the nobility which they can show under such conditions. And from all this a new view of life has evolved. On the march, in the billet, his constant and intimate association with other men has formed within his character a kindlier feeling for humanity—a feeling of comradeship which is to direct his course as he again enters the varied activities of civilian life.

He is going to stand for a square deal for the man who is oppressed and see that he gets it. The question of Cain which has come to us down through the ages of turmoil and unrest: "Am I my brother's keeper?" is going to receive a definite answer in terms of comradeship and brotherly love.

And thus great lessons have come to the thoughtful man from his experiences in army life; lessons which will be with him through all the subsequent life and which will be reflected in all his opinions and activities. He will be a more zealous patriot, a worthier citizen, a truer friend of humanity. In all his relationships with men, a spirit of comradeship

will pervade and guide his actions which will result in a saner, stronger and purer national life in our beloved America, beneath that battle-tried banner—the Stars and Stripes.

I

ANONYMOUS.

FOR four long years the world has been shaken by the turmoil of a war far deeper in significance and results than any previous one. During this period men united themselves into a system that they might conquer militarism for the cause of humanity. Every individual before entering the service of his country debated its causes and his reasons for fighting. "To War and then what?" was the question which weighed upon the minds of the patriot, and in the final analysis he resolved to sacrifice his life and ambition for home and for country. Toward that goal our Allies and then ourselves fought and conquered a nation that had prepared intensively for five decades to gain dominion of the world.

Amidst such important events in the history of the world, the soldier, the modest hero of it all, patiently awaits his return to civic life, having done his best as an infinitesimal part of a vast army. A period of transition is at hand. To go home is the uppermost thought in his mind. Home means more

than it ever did before. Most of the A. E. F. are now enjoying that which will fall heir to us as soon as our work overseas is completed. We are forming plans for the future. In the minds and hearts of all lurks this query: "Home and then what?" To answer this for all would take a lifetime but knowing the popular trend of the soldier's mind I am firmly convinced the majority will finish the question by asking, "What is my duty to myself, to my home, and my country?" Does it suffice to say we have carried out the old slogan, "done our bit"? Are we going back home to play a worse or better rôle in the drama of life with the world as a stage? Of course, the settings in our respective worlds still differ, but we are all human and it is easy to discuss a few common denominators the boys are thinking of both on land and sea. Upon the convictions, ideals and purposes of the A. E. F. will largely depend the future of our Democracy. Am I ready to represent such at home and have I duly fitted myself to take a part in the new régime of thought which is now flickering before the retina of men's minds? This causes us to hold an introspection of mind, body and soul. After such scrutinisation we conclude that our duty to our individual selves as relative units, whatever pursuit we expect to follow,

whatever obligations as a citizen we have, three fundamental duties demand immediate consideration.

In the first place, our country demands health as a requisite of a loyal citizen. Upon its health depends its existence. Every soldier understands what health means in an army of fit fighting men. In returning to civilian life, can I afford not to be clean and healthy? Upon my physical status depends the number of days I work, how efficient I am in the doing of that work and the compensation I make for myself, my family and the economic world. An athlete carefully looks after his health. Whether employee or employer, it is just as important in performing the best services in any occupation that health should receive attention first. A diseased human machine cannot exist long in this age of competition. If I use alcohol to such an extent that it undermines the functions of my organs, weakens my brain power and causes me to lose a number of day's work annually, in production and a like deduction in my wage, am I not becoming an economic parasite? If I am addicted to illicit sexual intercourse and contract a venereal disease which renders me useless as a wage earner for a period of time or inflicts me with a chronic disease for life, am I treating society on

the square? I owe my health to my family, for posterity swings back and forth on the health of preceding generations. Who have had a better opportunity to know the value of health and clean living than the A. E. F.? A bigger social health programme comes from our war experience in France and everywhere men feel such as one of their essential duties in civilian life.

In the second place, America demands trained men, men who think, men who reason, men whose education is never completed. I will confront new problems in social, economic and political affairs which require better information and study. I am going to resume my former occupation. Am I mentally prepared? Am I contented to follow it in the same rut with only a care for existence? Initiative which hibernated so long under the yoke of daily army routine will see its shadow again. We cannot afford to let it lie dormant. We must seek improvement in skill and methods of work. If I am a farmer whose land returns to him a comfortable livelihood am I bettering myself or society as a producer by not becoming in modern phraseology, an agricultural engineer? If I am a day labourer, can I expect promotion or increase in my pay envelope doing an exact amount of work in proportion to my

wage with my interest elsewhere? If a professional man, am I to raise my scholarship, standards of work and reputation without constant study? If I were called away to war in the midst of my university course am I permitting the matter of time to over-balance my duty for efficient service? Such realisations of my sense of duty in becoming better trained in my daily tasks will create a bigger interest for public obligations. Most of us are interested in politics but we are political derelicts in knowing the qualifications of our candidates and the purports of various measures. Have I been marking the ballot for the best interests of my family, my neighbours and my community? Do I vote a certain way because it is popular, because of my own selfish interests? In every locality we know such citizens. On a large scale Germany's politicians were selfish, forcing upon her people and politics such disrepute that the coming generations must make right with the world. Are we going home to set up a little Prussia? As soldiers, we battled with selfishness in the rank and file of men. In a marked degree we have learned to toss it aside for the good of all. To that end it is our task to urge the masses to become a more intelligent voting constituency. We must keep alert to equal the woman at the polls. Our political

machinery will seek reorganisation and our statesmen will be broader thinkers because the purest ideal of our American nation—the American woman—will consider her new privilege as a civic duty.

Lastly, am I morally fit to resume my relations at home? What standard of morals does public opinion demand? I have been absent from my pre-war environment. I hesitate to prophesy what an individual would become with incessant war. Beginning with the age of prehistoric man, people have possessed a standard of morals. They have occupied different planes, the Crusades, the French Revolution, the Civil War point out a few epochs in the gradual climb towards better civilisation. And now, this world war has raised it to a higher plane. Morality has taken to aviation. The aims of this war are essentially moral and religious. In our daily army life such did not vividly show, yet it was deeply rooted under the surface. We seemed to become hardboiled with a determination to win at any cost. In the madness of war personal morals were often neglected. But, beneath it all, each God-fearing soldier was forming the foundation of a deeper moral conviction. Now, that it is over my conscience awakens in me my duty to my Mother, my country, and my God. Reputation now puts a larger

valuation on my character. Past experiences either net profit or loss. In no small way, our experiences overseas prepare us to take up the responsibilities of a new citizenship, a new home and a new democracy. In the association of rich with poor, in the co-operation of strong powers with the weak, a new life and a new world is being born. As comrades in service we have learned to be courageous, unselfish, humble and loyal with a new vision. Our devotion to the cause of humanity, our willingness to die has or will render in us a great moral decision. The way we apply it in these days of peace will prove how thoroughly a Victory was won and how well we face our new phase of duty to ourselves, our homes and our nation. Our country calls us home to assume the controlling forces in all walks of life. Upon every member of the A. E. F. falls a responsibility to do his share in shaping the destinies of our nation in this new era of world wide democracy.

II

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NOTE: This is not an essay; it has neither unity nor coherence. It is not an attempt at studied discussion of some particular point of contemporary interest; it is merely a collection of remarks which might bear repetition to a demobilized A. E. F. In case of participation in prizes, requested that such be turned over to a French war-orphans' fund.—N. S. B.

WELL, why not be a hero? The idea tickles the vanity quite deliciously. And it will hardly be impossible as long as there are mothers, and sisters, and younger brothers especially. Likewise there are happy states of existence permeated by tables done in white linen, and civilised methods of consuming food, and untenanted sleeping apparatus, and even porcelain bathing ware. But, after your little home-coming celebration and vacation,—what next?

Your American answer is, quite naturally, *Work*. Undoubtedly you are better fitted for success than ever before; you are bringing home a

keener mind than you took away. Whatever injustices were inflicted upon you in the army, upon demobilisation you will have left them behind with their causes. Remember that it was an instrument designed avowedly to cure those addicted to its use and rejoice that it succeeded even in its own case. You held up your hand and said, "I do." And you did; you learned some tricks which will never have to be taught you again. But you went through it, and now you are at liberty to satisfy your appetite for a peaceful life.

But is that all? By having been a member of the A. E. F. you have acquired responsibilities of which you may or may not be aware. First, to America; secondly, to France. You are the instructor of the people about you; they are going to look to you for information as coming from first-hand contact with our allies. If you hold fancied grievances against them, will you make that a basis for turning your neighbour against them as a nation? Or if you have only pleasant remembrances, will you listen neutrally to unjust talk from another? Americans have allowed extremely minute things to prejudice them. High prices, for example. Yet these were in part the American's own fault; he showed too much money, spent too freely, and the mass suffered for

the acts of the individual. Again, he couldn't expect to be the exception to a rule which has held through all time for any army on foreign soil; the same thing happened to some French soldiers in America, long ago. Furthermore, I never paid higher prices in Paris than I did for the same article in Augusta, Georgia. The love of "sticking" a man in uniform seems to be inherent in all humanity.

Another example of causes for prejudice, demonstrated in a letter which I recently received: "My cousin has just returned from France, and has told me many interesting things about it. However, I am disappointed too. I never knew of its abominable morals—my honour to France is somewhat lessened by what I now know." The American mind, I believe, connects that word "morals" more or less with women. Perhaps the aforementioned cousin had been solicited. But the question is beside the point as long as his own morals remain intact,—it takes two to make a bargain. Evidently he thought the women of the boulevards were the women of France. Or, he may have been thinking of wine, a subject on which there is nothing to say except that we are simply different—and extremists. The French will never understand why we can't make one glass last a whole evening, or why we had

the habit of hiding behind the swinging doors while we took it.

To gain understanding, the fundamental necessity is to realise that the French are a product of a history, of traditions, of a civilisation entirely different from ours. Understanding them comes only through living with them, by being received into their families. It is there that you get at the roots of a nation. Regrettably, this chance has been open to but a few of the A. E. F., the rest have had to judge from the surface or the casual passer-by of the street. The real French regret this as much as we regret that the conduct of some of our Americans left impressions difficult for the rest of us to change. To continue; we call them unpractical, and laugh at them; they call us too practical, and laugh in their turn. Their daily life is more naïve than ours. They call a spade a spade, which shocks our American ears. From the rush of affairs they reserve a little time for self-seeking—we are too busy for that. Both find their happiness, but in different manner. Each must interpret the other in the light of his aims and ideals. As for which really lives the more worth-while life, that question is for the individual to answer when he will have arrived at its end. Meantime it is the duty of the homecoming A. E. F.

to render to America that information which will permit our allies to be appreciated as a people. Therein grow the only true and lasting friendships between nations. The true French—the ones who think and act and carry something behind the eyes—have done their best to understand, as the soldier representatives of a great people, those Americans with whom they have come into contact. It remains for these same Americans, returning home, to do as well in representing France to an America which relies upon them for its impressions.

And now, our responsibility to America. This settling down business looks from afar much like a hive of tame bees trying to absorb a swarm of nomads. Each must light about so many times before he sticks. But the period will soon pass; it is a question of guiding production back into the smoother pre-war channels. Possibly the industrial machine needs a general overhauling. Whatever it needs it will get, as fast as the real sources of creaks and rattles are discovered. But each one to his post, and the old mill will still turn out profits.

Last and most, there is another war to finish. This is going to be a nice pleasant war because we know in advance just what it's all about. It was once stated that we should have peace if we had to

fight for it. That remark, one may believe, was aimed directly at Europe. It seems now that all charity should end at home, whether it begins there or not. You served two years. Some of that time you spent in the trenches, or in front of them; perhaps you left your best buddie there. Or, you were behind the lines working seven days of the week and often nights. What for? Peace. Have you got it?

The greatest thing that America has gained in this combat is a national consciousness. We were flung by circumstances into a path leading to a real national unity; and now, regrettably, the path seems to end in an unblazed trail. Is there any group better fitted than the A. E. F. to continue the blazing? Has any one been able to acquire a better perspective of the wilderness through which we must pass while the country changes from centralised back to local control?—and while it decides on some questions which demand new solutions never before considered?

First, "America for Americans"—if there ever again will be a time to make America a good place for Americans, that time is now. What about immigration? Isn't the time for pocket-filling about past? We might want to raise a family of our own, some day. And aren't we about old enough to cast

aside our childhood toy, the famous "melting pot," and give its contents a chance to solidify? Again, what about our hyphenated Americans? Yes, plenty of them have destroyed the hyphen forever but there are still enough who have simply laid it away in cold storage. Will you go on tolerating them? I knew a woman who flaunted her pro-Germanism in the public face by refusing to allow the American flag to fly above her house. She was not dangerous. I cite her merely as evidence. The local administration was shouting lustily for home and country and allies, but strangely it took no positive steps in this case. In that district, the real American population formed a minority. There are many similar ones, where the hyphen will come out of cold storage as soon as the storm is nicely blown over. Stop immigration for a couple of generations, and the causes for such conditions may die a natural death. Meanwhile you've got to live consciously and with your eyes open and memory working, if you're going to weed out the propaganda. And if you don't, you have lost everything that you fought for in France.

What, then, is your part? In civilian life every ex-A. E. F. man is a three-striper. After your sacrifice, the people are ready to look to your leadership a little, to believe that your motives are honest.

You are a power; you can make your own little propaganda for a peace in unity at home, and put it over. Set the example; form your company and start policing up your home district. A company to each ex-member of the A. E. F. means an army for unity, peace and prosperity, extending from coast to coast, and the beginning of a firmer, greater nation.

Home—and then what? Many will answer: "The truth about the army." But no; forget it, it's been overdone already. There's enough hysteria now without adding more. Show that you are one of the most conscious citizens in a newly conscious nation. Utilise the advantages of your experience and perspective to make it a nation wherein there shall exist not only an economic, industrial or commercial smoothness, but also a real rock-ribbed national unity as among men who know what they want—and intend to have it.

III

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HOME—Then What? Why then a week of getting acquainted with neckties, garters, cuff-links, Childs restaurants, twenty-page newspapers, prohibition, baths, alarm-clocks, English-speaking women, and other commonplaces unknown to us now. The first time we walk out in a civilian suit we'll be as self-conscious as on that day when Mother saw you in khaki and said: "Couldn't you get a better fit, dear?"

For a week we'll simply get used to being civilians. We'll go around recognising old friends—pay-as-you-enter cars, soda-fountains, tooth-brush advertisements—we'll begin to feel at home again in clean cities, where there are broad sidewalks, no urinals on street corners, houses open to sunlight and air, gardens in front for every one to enjoy, where civic sanitation and personal health are com-

munity ideals. The end of this will quite likely be comparison with the European life we know, and our national pride, already puffed-up, is apt to become arrogance. But oh, with what absolute sincerity, born of experience, can we say: "Thank God I'm an American!"

We will wander about in this mood which those who didn't come across can only half-understand, for several days. It will dawn upon us that we are more enthusiastic citizens of the United States than ever before, and our reasons will be definite. We like American ways, American people—nothing needs to be explained—we feel at home. But here, pause a moment. What sort of fellows are we? The army has done us great good and much harm; which is predominant, and how will it affect your coming years?

Every nation pets its soldiers, calls them "the boys," feeds them candy as if every day were Christmas, entertains them, gives them paper to write home, and relieves them of what little thinking the army lets them do for themselves. Now America has taken two million grown men of twenty to thirty away from civilian responsibilities, fed and clothed and then transported them to Europe, supported dependent relatives at home, required not

one moment's initiative from them, and has, instead, babied them like spoiled children.

At times most of these young men have been called upon to display the utmost of manly fortitude and courage. But that is all over now. We are "the boys" again, being spoiled all the worse because of our success in obeying orders, and our sacrifice during these months of heart-breaking struggle when our pluck finally won the great game. This attitude of the folks at home will remain for awhile after discharge. For a short while.

The real test will come when the novelty has worn off. You can gauge this period by remarking the day you can complain of hot-cakes or ice-cream. You are free—to obey a hundred calls of responsibility the army has taught you to neglect. You either go back to your old job or you don't, in either case you are inevitably drawn into the machine which grinds all the harder when there are armies to support. You've got to take up your burden, there's no getting around it—unless you go back into the army or write a best-seller on your experience in No Man's Land.

There are some who *will* write best-sellers and, oh miserable souls, there are some who will stay in the army. Suppose we put aside these, and a certain

number of those who came across the better to discuss the rest. A sprinkling, a few thousand maybe, will go home and take up all things where they left them. These are the people who have brains but resent being made to use them. Quite likely there are some of the opposite type who suppose that life will be utterly different now that they have killed (supposedly) a few Germans. This kind will form clubs to discuss After the War—What? and The Seven Stomached Beast of Revelations. But the common run of us, however we differ as individuals, share our state of mind as a result of having been part of the A. E. F.

What do we think of it? Nothing consciously, that's just the point. People do write articles about us, explaining to us that we will come back changed, some say more gentle, some say more savage; other people preach sermons either warning us of our new duty now that our eyes are opened, or warning our stay-at-home relatives of their duty to "those lads who have fought and bled for the noblest and so on!" But no amount of words can define a thing that only deeds can prove exists.

As for us, our question "Home, then what?" merely means "What job?" We don't stop to figure out our future as a citizen, or write down our duties

or ideals of community life. Who consciously compares the life he might have led with the one he is planning now? Except for the prosaic matter of what sort of work he does, no one thinks about it. This exception of what job he takes is important, but not of the greatest importance. For after all, if you leave your old occupation and try something new—the war has at least given us all a good chance to change if we want to—you will be the same sort of person with the same strength and weakness of character in either job.

The effect of your experiences in the trenches or hospitals, or wherever you were and felt and saw the fine emotions which the crisis of war brings to the surface, will not show in your choice of a job, but how you handle it. It won't matter if you settle in the country or come to the city, what matters is how you bring up your sons.

Then since you are only slightly conscious of the new springs of action which impel your life along new channels, what are the motives "in the back of your head" that have changed your character while you were busy eating Salvation Army doughnuts?

One concrete example first. You spend an evening with Nenette's parents, the idea being to get

on the good side of Pere Guichard. Nenette remains demurely in the corner and adores you, remarking to herself that you speak much better French alone with her than when you try to tell her father about America. Anyway, you explain that in our villages the cows are stabled in barns, not in the next room. That people bathe once a week and oftener and don't die from it. That brushing the teeth is a national habit, even among the less fastidious male sex. That we sleep with the windows open all night. That we discourage smoking in boys, and are disgusted with it in women. That the country thought so poorly of alcohol that we are about to do away with it entirely. Pere Guichard, who has had no teeth since he was forty, dreads a draft, learned to drink alcohol when he was three, and doesn't care if his street is dirty as long as his kitchen is clean, thinks you and America are an insufferable prig. But do you? Why instead you are *bragging*. You will go back home with firmer ideas than ever on civic sanitation, personal cleanliness, and public morals.

Let us sum up in outline from the effect the A. E. F. experience has had on you. True, most Frenchmen are happier, more satisfied, than Americans, but is not discontent the secret of progress? First then

you will compare life in Europe with life at home. Two main thoughts occur to you. Civic responsibility and personal cleanliness. Under the first you will realise that things which at home are axioms, here are novelties. This will carry you to the election booth on matters of civic pride. Under the second you will realise with pride the virtue of cleanliness, ultra-fastidiousness is no crime. Again you will vote wisely on tobacco, liquor, venereal disease laws.

The second large effect of the A. E. F. on you is the one the article writers at home dwell on (for that reason I only mention it). Why go into detail? We all know the effect of our self-sacrifice for intangible ideals, the quickening of the spirit for the other fellow, the virtue of patience under suffering. We have been made men by it.

Yet—who has not read George Bernard Shaw's preface to "John Bull's Other Island"? Do so, and you will find to-day's soldier described. So there are those for whom the question "Home—Then What?" means simply failure. Because I do not think these are many I will not hesitate here—it is a warning, no more.

We are a country of Faith. So then the conclusion. We have broken from old ways, paying for

the privilege by turning over to the army our responsibilities. Again we face life's burdens. We shall conquer such habits as are not good, we shall be armed with braver spirits, more determined civic pride, deeper love of our nation, we shall win out. The war has done this for us. Home? Why then, home with all the fine things the word means to us, with the power now to keep them fine. The war has made us citizens of the world, as such we will be the prouder citizens of our nation. Home then, and America!

IV

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THE very mention of the word "Home" brings to the mind of the soldier in the A. E. F., patiently awaiting his return to the land of his choice, thoughts, memories and pictures which can never be effaced and which seem to grow more vivid as his separation continues. Wherever one travels, be it among those engaged in the new Watch on the Rhine, those awaiting the word which is to bring them to their ship, those occupied with the manifold duties of the S. O. S. or those enjoying for a few days a much appreciated leave in France, England or Italy, he finds one thought predominating in the minds of the soldiers he meets and when he questions them relative to conditions, they reply with their invariable question "When are we going Home?"

No matter what their duties or their obligations every activity is aimed toward the one goal, their return to America, the land of their birth, the home of their pride and the zone of their ideals. Flash on a screen a picture of the Statue of Liberty; sing a tune such as "Homeward Bound," "My Little Gray Home in the West," "Take Me Back to New York Town," "Indiana," or "Back Home in Tennessee"; or picture some scene recognisable as a sight familiar to American life and note the expressions on the faces of your soldier audience. Watch them as they receive mail from home telling of relatives, friends and associates who have returned and once more are resuming the life interrupted when the fiendish Hun dared place his selfish ambitions before every principle of right, justice and liberty. Study him as he writes to Mother, Wife or Sweetheart. Do one or any of these things and you learn what Home means to these boys who willingly gave up all when the call came but who did so only because their honour, their sense of justice and their duties to their country demanded it. They have concluded that work and now want to return Home—Home to loved ones, friends, associates and business, ever to remain until they have completed their work and are called to the everlasting life beyond the grave.

To the man really appreciative of his Home, every ambition of life is centred in that direction. His plans, hopes and dreams are all centralised in the ideal that the consummation of his activities might make life easier, happier and more worth while for those he loves. Unless he be a selfish egotistical miser, and history records but few of such, he hopes for success and works for progress always with the aim that his efforts might, even though in a small measure, reciprocate for the encouragement, patience, forbearance and love ever shown in his Home. Thus it is that you find him reflecting seriously on the duties he is to perform, the obligations he is to assume and the results he is to accomplish when he again crosses the threshold. His separation has given him many opportunities for introspection and now he knows himself better and is more ready to assume his proper sphere. Let us follow him to-day as he builds his "Chateaux en Espagne."

The first stage of his thoughts takes the natural form of a period of retrospection in which he reviews his previous Home life and compares it with what it should have been had he properly fulfilled the obligations he now knows were his due. Probably one of the most important lessons taught him during his

period of service has been that from which he has learned to know himself. Prior to this period when he was literally thrown on his own resources, he had never appreciated what a dependent being he really was. Before this, while surrounded by the encouraging assistance and guiding influence of his Home, he assumed an independent station of life and pursued his activities with the conviction that whatever success accompanied his efforts resulted solely from his individual ability. Separated from his Home and the encouraging forbearance ever shown him there, he realises how much he needs those who love him and how much he owes them. As a result, he will return to them more determined to be worthy of their confidence and their esteem. He will strive to make his Home happier for those whom he now has learned to appreciate more and will diligently work to overcome the failings he formerly manifested and which brought so much unhappiness to his family.

The effect of the new life he manifests in his Home will be further reflected in his country. No nation is stronger than its backbone, and the backbone of the nation of to-day consists of an infinite number of vertebræ, the families from which that nation has grown. The consciousness which he

developed of the obligations due his Home will be continued in the consideration of the obligations due his country. He is returning Home as a man ready to fulfill his every obligation and assume his every responsibility. His period in the military service has made him an integral factor in the activities of his country and an ardent enthusiast of its principles and ideals. He has been brought directly into contact with one of his greatest projects and this has resulted in a keener insight of matters referring to the national growth and development. He has been keenly awakened to the questions of the day and is carrying back with him opinions, suggestions, ambitions and ideals which are to be developed as he assumes the same interest in civilian life that he did during military life. And his word must and will be considered seriously. He is typical of the type of American citizen into whose hands will be delivered the future of our country. The experience he has gained through his communion with men from all sections of the land, his observance or study of life as it progresses in European countries and the general knowledge he has gained make him admirably fit to bear his share in the great problems of the future.

His return to the land for which he made his

sacrifice will be accompanied by a zeal, an enthusiasm and a spirit of devotion which will be reflected in a higher grade of patriotism than America has ever known before. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," says the adage and well do we see this exemplified in the American Expeditionary Forces. As you meet the American soldier in France, Italy, or Germany, ask him of his opinion of that country. He will admit that he has found some things of interest and that the particular country deserves some credit for certain achievements but invariably he will then commence to glowingly dilate on His country—"God's Country." And what does that mean? Perhaps you will say his enthusiasm is simply the natural result of the relationship of his country to his Home. Even were this so, he is bound to bear a more devoted allegiance to his country if only for the reason that his Home prospers according as his country develops. But his patriotism is more deep-rooted than that. The history of the past two years in which America has stood foremost among the nations of the world has made the American citizen appreciate the present responsibility of his country and the future obligations she will be called upon to meet. He is proud of that position and ambitious of doing everything in his

power to advance her cause. He knows how America is looked up to by the people of the other countries with whom he has come in contact and he feels that if it is to continue to be so, he must do his share in the work necessary to this end.

The interest of the returning soldier citizen will not only be a general national interest but will also be particularised in the affairs pertaining to the further progress of his own village, town, city or state. He has met men from all sections of our broad land; from them, he has learned of successful experiments and of policies which have resulted in failure and disaster and he has been brought into contact with the methods of hitherto unknown countries. As he has studied these things, his thoughts of Home have caused him to reflect and consider their possible effect on his country. When he returns, therefore, his mind will be filled with these things and his renewed interest in the future progress and development of his country will cause him to give expression to the opinion he has gathered. The coming age is to be a period of reconstruction, a stage of initiative and an era of progress and the new interest of the soldier citizen will be an important factor in the progress of the future.

The third duty which will follow from the sol-

dier's home-coming and the one which stands in a logical sequence to the duties he owes to his home and his country, is the duty to himself. His period in the service has been a period of maturity and he is now anxious to take his part in the activities of his station of life. If he has had sufficient foresight, he has taken advantage of the many opportunities to better himself and is to-day better equipped than ever before. His absence from the scene of his earlier labours has whetted his ambition and he will return to his work with increased enthusiasm. He realises that because of the broadening experience he has gained much is expected of him and he wants to and will maintain the required standard.

Morally his sense of right and justice has been developed, his principles have been strengthened and his belief in tolerance and respect of the rights of others extended. As a result of the trying times he spent during the bloody days of battle, he has given much thought to the day when he will have concluded his work in this world and pass to a land eternal. He has learned to appreciate also that life in the World of the future is to be gauged by his actions in this life and that to be worthy of the reward of a future life of happiness, he must now

conduct himself in conformity with the highest principle of truth, honesty, morality, justice and virtue. He appreciates, therefore, that he must establish a standard in his daily activities which will conform to these principles and make him worthy of the reward. If you talk to him in this connection, you will first find him repentant for the errors he has made in the past and resolved that not only shall these be blotted out in the future but his further actions act as an antidote for those of the past.

Thus will the terrible catastrophe which has brought so much pain and anguish, misery and desolation, sorrow and unhappiness to the world at the same time bring a new era of peace, happiness and progress. From the Pagan lands of the ancient Sultan to the land of the ever struggling but constantly faithful François, from the land of the setting sun to the home of the defeated Hun, from one end of the globe to the other, the people have been awakened to a keener insight of their duties, their possibilities and their obligations. Before the world lies an age of reconstruction, a period of initiative and a time of interest. Idle will be the citizen who does not measure up to the required standard and negligent will be the people who heed not the voice of those

who successfully emerged from the period of trial with a greater knowledge and a broader experience. In no place more than our own America will this be more typically exemplified. Of all the nations, we to-day stand pre-eminent carrying with that position a host of new responsibilities which can not and must not be gainsaid.

The responsibilities incumbent on our country during the period of the great crisis have been reflected in the diversified interest of the people, new industries have sprung up over night, older developments have been entirely reorganised and everywhere a new enthusiasm and a more general occupation have resulted. This will continue and the man who is to occupy a topmost part in this new life is he who has learned from the experience gained during his service in the A. E. F. To-day he may not be cognisant of his future but to-morrow he will come forth and take his stand. Let us recognise his worth and hasten to extend the hand of encouragement which will result in success and happiness not only to him but to us; his family, his friends and his compatriots. But if we listen not to his voice or heed not his example, it will go to peoples worthier than we, for as the sun after sinking beneath the horizon leaves nothing but gloom, so the light of encouraging initiative, on

departing, will be followed by the darkness and chaos of anarchy and Socialism, harbingers of chains of slavery and of barbarism.

V

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WE are all going home—sometime. Perhaps we have had too much time since the eleventh of last November in which to let our minds dwell upon that subject; perhaps we have built too many fairy castles that are too perfect ever to come true; perhaps we have formed entirely too many plans for our future. But, at all events, we *are* going home; and it is my fear that the cynical observation about the realisation not being half as pleasant as the expectation will be all too true.

It most certainly is not my intention to try to cast a wet blanket over our home-going enthusiasm; but I am afraid that many of us, like myself, have painted our futures in too brilliant colours; and that we ought to wake up and analyse what is ahead of us.

Again—we are going home. Be it Boston or Birmingham or New York or New Orleans, we are

going there. Even though it be only Owensboro or Kankakee, we are going.

And there will be the expected welcome (America has not forgotten the war entirely). The smaller our home town, the more general will the welcome be. But with the initial flush of home-coming over, our minds will revert to more serious thought—thoughts that may never have presented themselves while we were in France.

The most of us will begin to hunt for a job (or a position, if you prefer to designate it as such). For what kind of a situation are we going to seek?

All of us are going to have a fight against letting our ambition carry us away. I am afraid that all of us are going to try to locate positions that are abnormally better than those which we left. What are we going to find?

We ought to thank all things holy that we live in the United States where labour and economical difficulties are at the irreducible minimum; but we must realise that that irreducible minimum *is* present, and that it is liable to cause some unrest.

We have only to refer to history to realise that there has been attendant upon every demobilisation, from Biblical times down to the present, a demoralised economic condition. Inflated finances, going

back to their normal level, create fictitious values throughout our entire business and industrial fabric. Consequently, even in a country as strong financially as ours, there must be a certain amount of unrest.

There is no reason why we should not be able to secure our old jobs again, if we want them; and we have every opportunity to secure better ones. But we must not be unreasonable in our demands.

Naturally, all of us want to place ourselves in positions that are better than those we left, if possible. That is a quite commendable instinct. It is a human instinct, and, even more, it is an American instinct. But, even so, we must throttle our ambition into the proper channel, and settle down and choose an objective intelligently.

That lack of any objective is apt to prove most disastrous to many of us. The free and easy life of the army (even including all of its hardships) has fostered a shiftless, hand-to-mouth spirit, and there is too much probability that we shall be willing to take things as they come when we get home.

If you were a banker before the war, try first to go back to a bank. If you were a hod-carrier, start at it again, and try to carry one better and more efficiently than the next man. But set an objective for yourself and strive to achieve it.

The war has shot Northern France up rather efficiently: but it has not changed the habits of the world in general. Despite the fifty thousand Americans that lie cold in the valley of the Meuse, we shall find, when we get back home, that the war has made no material difference in the business methods of our country.

It will be hard, after the glamour of the army, to resign ourselves to settling down anywhere—let alone in some small town. But that is just exactly what we must do, if we hope to go through the period of reorganisation with the minimum of friction.

After travelling from San Francisco to Coblenz, it may be hard to settle down in Oakland and pursue some undramatic and uninteresting course of business; but that is what we must do. We must not let the wander-lust grip us, or we will all be riding side-door Pullmans before the end of two years.

You are going home—let us suppose that it is Charleston, West Virginia. Let us suppose further that you drove a butcher's waggon in Charleston, and that, by some freak of fate, you were a regimental adjutant during the war.

When you get back there, you will be welcomed by Bill Smith, who owns the butcher shop, and by

your family and friends, and by other more or less well-known local dignitaries; but there won't be any fresh paint on the butcher's waggon, and the old mare may still be limping. Nevertheless the butcher may have been kind enough to save your job for you, and if he has, take it.

We have had too much time in which to dream; but there is no reason why we should not get along as well as we did before the war, or better if we are only able to think instead of dream. We are going home—and we ought to be glad.

VI

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THE "tin-horns" have told the folks at home the story from their point of view. Boys, they want political jobs or notoriety. We will not take issue with them on the point that America's force did bring about the "finish" on November 11th; we know too much about the A. E. F. to deny America that credit. But if our efficiency in governmental departments be gauged according to the standard of *American* business institutions instead of by comparison with the corresponding departments of other governments—what is the ratio of *cost* and *accomplishment*?

Have we, as soldiers, had experiences in the States and "Over here" that will enable us to be better citizens when we return to civilian life? Are we, those of us who, by our age, have enjoyed the privilege of voting, going back to the ruts that we came out of when we wanted to "do our bit" for the

country; the governmental departments of which we knew so little because we, like a flock of sheep, followed a leader to the polls? Or will we assume the responsibility that is ours and contribute (by participation) to the "*Government of the people, by the people, for the people*"?

Are you, the lads who have attained your majority since you entered the service, going to make the same mistakes that we "old timers" must confess? Or shall we all forget our army slogan, "*Pass the Buck,*" come out of our "shells" to enlighten those who do not know, just what actual conditions have been? Are we going to tell them how the "hand-shakers," beginning with those who used "politics" at the officers' training camps and Ordnance Department down to the dog-robbers (officers' servants) "worked the old army game" to the detriment of the service and hardships of the enlisted personnel? About the grafters at the Kelly Field canteens who charged us more for fruit, candy, and cigarettes than the San Antonio merchants, simply because we were rookies and did not know how to get a pass to town?

How the "Top-kick" who was appointed by the "Prep school for Freshy" officer (the product of the above mentioned O. T. C.) "climbed your frame" because the washing you did the night before was

hanging in the barracks to dry at inspection time instead of hanging on a line out in the rain? How the "SM" (another appointee of said efficient officer) nearly snapped your head off when you tried to tell him that your folks were not receiving your allotment? Of the nights we laid awake in our English and French "downy couches" listening to the drunken brawls that the senior non-com would not put down because he lacked the courage?

Of the Mess Sergeant (another no less important appointee) who would explain that he couldn't spare any "seconds-on-slum" because the cooks had cut too many steaks for themselves and their "pets"? Of the times you came to breakfast from all-night guard, wearing size 19 overshoes (that had to be handed over to the new guard after guard-mount), with the thermometer at 40 below, to get an apple, two tablespoonsful of cornflakes, a slice of bread and a cup of lukewarm water (in which the coffee bag had been washed) and had the Mess Sergeant tell you that the kitchen crew consisted of blacksmiths instead of cooks?

How one of the outfit was re-classified after an operation and sent home because the Medical Officer (so called) kept feeding him "OD" pills instead of sending him to some *real* doctors before it was nearly

too late to operate? Of the evening you spent explaining away an insult to an English girl by attributing it to "ignorance of a foreigner" and assuring her that he was the exception, to come upon some American officers, "hilariously lit," entertaining some of the public women of the city?

How, after the armistice was signed, we began "dismantling" planes with sledge hammers and "removing" the tires from the wheels of the undercarriages with picks? One of the Hispano-Suiza motors taken out of said planes would cost an individual a small fortune, but of course the government did not pay retail prices; however, it could have sold them as used-motors for a better price than salvaged metal would bring; but that did not seem to be a consideration, we proceeded with the destruction of high-priced equipment but had to steal out to the thicket to chop down a shrub for firewood because we "had overdrawn our allotment of fuel for the period."

Are we going to "be sports" and "hush-up" these and the thousand-and-one other humiliations, inconveniences and wastes that we could write pages about when the rest of the world is making its estimates of America and its methods by such acts? Are we, when given the opportunity, going to support the

party or individual who does not propose reform of such policies? Are we going to make him prove, by his past performances, that he is sincere and capable of "clean fighting" to see an issue through?

Let us also wake up fully to the realisation that "serving for duration" is a decided contrast to the "old job under the old boss." The "Non-Com I C" could only "queer" us for a "stripe" or a pass when our "Uncle" boarded us just the same; but the "ole boss-man" not only says, "I won't give you promotion," he also says, "If you don't 'hit the ball' you can't live on me." But let us not be actuated by such motives (doing things because we are compelled to); America could have avoided participation in the war, but did we want her to? Did we not, as Americans—standing for what we do, owe it to humanity to do what we could for the cause of *Right*?

We, you and I, Buddy, the Smith kid, and the others were delegated to execute the task undertaken in our behalf by our President and Congress; we "put the job over"; now and when we reach home again, let's live up to our reputations.

VII

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BEING a doughboy it has been my object for many months to observe my own species in the various periods of training, actual fighting, and armistice. I have watched the Yanks develop through an important series of changes which attach a great interest to their re-entrance into civilian life. These men, drawn originally from all departments and walks of society, donned the common uniform, took on a new levelled-off relationship and became pres-to-change, a distinct class. They had to learn the technique of living in masses and many adaptations were required. The camp, the hike, the billet, the trench and dugout, the conflict and all the associations of war have wrought lasting effects into their characters, some for better, often for worse. Contact with foreign and kindred people under the stress of a common cause has broadened their outlook and given them a bigger notion of the world. The man

who comes home is not the same lad who left a short time ago.

Nor do we suppose they are returning to the same homes that sent them, to a people unchanged by the disturbance of the world. The development there has been the complement of the development in the army. The responsibility for maintaining the army in the field, which was discharged with notable loyalty and sacrifice, produced a corresponding growth. The people, having before them even more than the soldiers did, the ideals we were upholding, have greatly broadened their sympathies and interests in the world. Their desire for more natural and human conditions in all activities of life has taken on a new meaning. It is quite obvious then that the reunion of these citizens of the world with the members of the disbanding army has in it elements of great possibility for the future.

Different courses will naturally be presented to different men when they find themselves free again. Some will find it hard to settle into routine life for a while; some will find it impossible to begin where they left off and will want to take up something entirely new; others find their connections so broken they don't know where they stand and will drift into the line of least resistance. But the great majority

have pretty well defined plans as to what they will do and are anxious to plunge into civil life again. Apart from their individual schemes we know that in the course of time, they will go home, get into a suit of clothes, go to work, establish homes, and in general be loyal citizens of the United States. But this process will go on in a different spirit and with a wider outlook than would have been possible without the war experience, and the difference will be particularly marked in the attitude of most citizens toward, and their handling of public questions, both national and international.

America emerges from the crisis to find that the old order has passed away and that many new problems meet her on the threshold of the new era. She has acquired a degree of national unity unknown before. Whereas the Spanish-American War united different regions with a bond of common interest, the past war has welded our various nationalities into greater solidarity. Where is the hyphen now? American citizenship has acquired a more vital meaning and is appreciated by more people than ever before. Our national ideals which have been slowly emerging have come to the front and we find ourselves entering on a more conscious and deter-

mined campaign to amalgamate the heterogeneous elements of our state.

But Americanism is only a step in the realisation of the international spirit which has developed. The isolation of the past has faded away, the world just naturally evolving past that stage of development. It was the idea of isolation that allowed England to countenance Germany's programme of plundering her neighbours for many years and duped the Kaiser's government into believing she would permit the murder of France. The same policy kept America out of the war for four years but it finally had to give way and the greatest lesson we have learned is the utter futility of trying to live unto ourselves alone any longer. We must put a large measure of faith in the League of Nations.

The doughboys are strong for it. Every one left asleep in Europe is a spokesman in its behalf. They don't understand all the technicalities of the League or of the peace settlement—neither do the folks at home. The multiplicity of problems rising out of the very completeness of our victory make it a matter for experts to deal with. But they are satisfied that the enemy was defeated and is being fairly and firmly held to account. They feel confident that a repetition of his crimes cannot be again attempted

with impunity by any nation and they are thankful for a few statesmen who could put the last part of the programme across while the army lay comfortably by the Rhine. They recognise in the series of compromises, material for future controversy. They do not think the plan is perfect, but knowing that it has a rough road to travel they intend to see that it gets a square deal at home.

These men have been learning tangible lessons of world citizenship abroad. Travel usually broadens a person and a peep into Europe even under war conditions has no mean significance to so large a force. They have fought side by side and associated with the British Tommy, the French "Poilu" and Colonials from various quarters of the globe. While learning to admire and respect the English they have been unlearning some pernicious ideas imbibed from their Elementary School Histories. Life in Germany has served to raise their estimation of the French and the more they think about it the more they wonder how France could take so much punishment from the foe in his prime and yet come back with a vital punch in the last days of fighting. They realise that success for a long time must depend on Anglo-French unity, friendship, and co-operation and they do not figure on slighting their

end of the responsibilities. They have decided that the League shall be a success and this decision will colour their votes and other activities of citizenship to a great extent.

So the fellows who came over here in defense of an ideal, backed by a loyal people united in their support of that ideal, are returning with a new ideal. Adjustments have occurred in their ideas and attitudes and they expect to find similar adjustments among those whom they have not seen for some time. They want to be received quietly by their friends and loved ones, to be turned loose in society again, and above all, to get to work.

They will get busy carving out their own futures, meanwhile watching jealously the safety of democracy in America as well as the World. They will prepare for peace as never before. Remembering the part they took in destroying militarism they will prevent America from establishing a system of universal or compulsory military training. Military organisation is essentially undemocratic and they will not allow it to menace our institutions. Some problems have fortunately been settled in their absence. They will do what they can to help out with those remaining and the new ones. It is therefore with good reason that we look to the years imme-

diately ahead to be most fruitful in progress and the growth of a world-wide unity. In boosting development at home and abroad we shall not depart from the true spirit of our traditions. Entangling alliances is not part of the programme but a real world-wide co-operation to maintain freedom and justice.

VIII

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HOME—then what? No, that spirit is not of their temper born. Heaven forbid! To waver timidly in the face of to-morrow is not their part. Home—then what! That is their spirit, the spirit of the soldiers homeward bound, the spirit that cries, “Forward and onward!” It is the only one the boys knew whether in the home camps, in the ceaseless, straining toil behind the lines, or on the field of battle itself. It is the same spirit with which America threw herself into the war. It is the spirit of the pioneer and of the pilgrim; it is the spirit bred in America’s veins long ago. With that self-same spirit America’s own return.

Home—then what! Home to make the most of what they were before their term in the service. Home to make the most of their experiences and lessons gained in the service. Which will be the decisive factor in their future; their previous training or their recent experiences? For the majority, their

previous training. So fundamental in its effects, so modern in its application, so comprehensive in its scope, so inspiring in its vision has been that previous training that whatever worth while they have learned in the service or seen abroad will become more or less supplementary to their previous training; whatever unfortunate results, surprising few as they are, that this period has produced, will soon be lost in the return to civilian life. The American army has not been and is not solely an army; it has been and is a civilian army with strong emphasis on the word "civilian."

What then are the results of this period the boys spent in the service? Mainly two; certain definite and specific results that may be looked forward to, and a broader concept of life. The definite and specific results flow from two sources: army training itself and what they saw "over there."

In the training camps they gained a better appreciation of health and education. In so far as the training itself was concerned the new health and vitality of the men was the most significant fact. It was not so much the result of an eternal "squads right" and "squads left," "shoulder arms" and "order arms," endless inspections and more endless hikes as much as it was the result of the regularity

of life and the introduction of athletics as a vital part of the military training. They learned through experience of the value of the observance of every principle of hygiene and sanitation. As for educational training they saw that even successful warfare was a varied scientific and business proposition as much as anything else. Those who had enjoyed a fair share of education saw the necessity for maintaining that advantage; those who were illiterate, and, frankly, they were numbered by the tens of thousands, were assisted along the right road and if nothing else they at least acquired a longing for educational essentials. So then, as a specific result of that military training, there has been shown the necessity for greater stress, nationally, on matters of health and education.

“Over there” whatever they saw they saw with a critical eye. Whatever could better America they quickly acclaimed; whatever could not meet their approval they as ruthlessly condemned. They saw a system of excellent highways with also an absence of grade crossings. They saw a greater regard for safety in railway travel. America, they will insist, must pay a similar respect for the safety of the public. They saw beautiful monuments and buildings of art. They saw, in the larger cities, an abun-

dance of beautiful public gardens, parks, and boulevards. It appealed to their sense of civic beauty. There will be some other material results each in its own peculiar field. In the matter of industry and business enterprise there will be a singular vacancy of ideas. Here America need fear no revolution at the hands of the home-coming soldiers. These then are the more or less specific results that may be looked forward to.

Out of the war has arisen a new comradeship. It is one element in a broader concept of life. The plainsmen have found real pals in the sons of New York. Boys from the land of the Golden Gate have sat for hours to listen as in a soft-accented drawl southern lads told of life and home in Georgia or Alabama. In the boys of the twenty-ninth, who wore the emblem of the Blue and the Grey, was seen a striking example of the unity of comradeship. At their side fought men from other lands. There were the Australians, whom they came to know as men after their own hearts. There were the Canadians, and the English and the Scots. There was the French poilu, an example of steadfastness and endurance. So, within their own ranks the boys have felt the unity of a national comradeship; in those

who fought at their side they have seen the possibility of a greater future comradeship.

A greater love for democracy is another heritage of their recent experience. Class distinction they came to hate more than ever. In the orphans, and in the children the American soldier found the truest democracy for these were class unconscious. These found a place in the soldiers' hearts. The humble peasant might compete for a place in the American soldier's heart, but none could displace the children's spot in that heart. Military class only made the soldiers love democracy more.

There is another message they bring back—a message written large in letters of red: sacrifice. Sacrifice! They came here to sacrifice! There are the graves of those who made the supreme sacrifice. There are those upon whose right sleeve a chevron of gold tells of another sacrifice. There are those who fought with them, spared the foeman's steel but as ready for sacrifice as those who fell. There are those who knew the sacrifice of a ceaseless strain that ran clear back to the port where incoming vessels dropped anchor. Sacrifices. They saw it in others. They saw it in those who came here on a mission of comfort. They saw it in those who came

here at mercy's call. They know full well the meaning of sacrifice.

They return with hope for they saw how the peasants return to their homes. Come with them a moment in their refugee trains. Here pass homes crumbled to heaps of stone, villages wrecked by the hurricane of war, fields scarred by the conflict of battle. But the peasants go back to build anew, to strive on. There are the orchards never to bear again. Not a tree stands upright, trees that, spared the saw, might have eased with their fruits the life of the returning peasant. There they are like so many stalks when the reaper's blade has passed. Why talk of hope of to-morrow when all around is ruin and despair. See! Half-erect, half-seated the refugees are looking at—at what? What can they see in that hopeless field? What can they see in that treeless plain? “*Mais ils flourissent——*” and then in a cry half-joyous, half-defiant, “*quand meme!*” Count those trees, if you have the heart. One out of twelve, one out of ten, at the most, is in blossom. Through a little strip of wood and bark, where the Hunnish saw failed to completely sever the trunk, flows a tiny stream of sap. Thus amidst a world of ruin and despair the peasant rises to cry, “But they bloom—for all that!” Oh, you who are stran-

gers to hope, come seat yourself at the feet of the returning soldiers as they tell of that hope bred of despair. They have seen it. They have lived with it. Many a time hope was their one and all.

If they bring back anything greater than this hope it is something akin to that hope; a new faith in America. It is not an Americanism that defies the world with a rattle of sabres and a clanging of spurs. They saw that in the foe and came to hate it more than ever before. Theirs is an Americanism tempered amid bitter trial. It is an Americanism that stands for real progress, but not disorder. It is an Americanism that stands for hope. They came to love America more, not so much for what she is, but because they saw the despair of Europe. Their faith in America's future is as unlimited as their faith in her present was unshaken by the world crisis. To that faith in America's future, to that faith in her ability to progress, as she has progressed in the past, benefiting the while by whatever worth while Europe may have added—to that faith the returning soldiers have dedicated themselves.

And so when the Statue of Liberty rises on a western horizon, up goes a shout. That shout is for America and home! Then they turn to fling back a thought. That is for their pals who never will re-

turn. That is for democratic Europe to whom they say "In the fight for justice and democracy we triumphed together by the 'Will to conquer;' lose not that forward vision and gladly will we go with you to triumph in peace by the 'will to agree.' "

IX

JOHN LANGDON JONES,

"Langhurst,"

Roxborough,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Discharged from U.S. Army May 12, 1919.

It was Fontenelle, I believe, who said that he hated war because it spoiled conversation. The experiences of the recent world-struggle, a visit to the desolate and spectral battlefields, or even a glance at the photographs of the pitiable ruins, indicate that this long conflict has spoiled something beside conversation. The distorted and abnormal conditions are little by little coming back to their normal antebellum days, and each soldier must find himself in one position or another; it may be the same that he once had, or it may not; but in any case there is some position for him to fill, some place to occupy. And when he arrives at home he will be a different person. The thing that counts most at that moment is to know what he is to himself, to his family and to his country.

First, to himself. He is older by many months

probably than when he left home, and unquestionably has grown wiser with the countless experiences that have crowded into his life. I have heard it said with contempt that many would return to America with big ideas, as a result of having lived in France; but I believe that to be an exceedingly hopeful sign, provided that the "big ideas" of each man are backed by noble purposes, and provided that he is true to himself. He who has not gained convictions from the war has lost one of its few good fruits; for certainly the carnage of the past four and a half years has left little that may be called good. There is something in the doctrine of agony, by which a man who has gone through indescribable scenes, through harrowing hours and momentous days, comes out of it all with a deeper sense of the realities of life. And even the man with vision who never reaches his trench may see beyond into the eternal verities. The man who arrives at home regretting that his comfortable and perhaps well-paying job in the army is finished is not true to himself, unless he joined to make money, in which case he is absolutely true to a purpose utterly false, but if he be true to himself and his inner convictions, it follows as the night the day he cannot be false to any man.

Secondly, to his family. When the soldier left his home he went away with a feeling of grave uncertainty in his heart and also in the hearts of his family, and probably they who remained felt more of the pain of parting. It was not the mere travel abroad that caused the anxiety, but the thought of calamity that might happen to each individual man. We shall never know what sleepless hours and tear-baptized prayers our wives and mothers have experienced on our account. And on our return the one great gift we can offer is to assure them that we have not broken the confidence they placed in us. So great is the love that our families bear toward us, that to be less than they believe us to be makes of us traitors of the cheapest sort. The heroic patience of our women demands the most gallant knighthood we own.

There will be hundreds of families who will make holiday for their sons and brothers, and there will be honours and felicitations of well done. And at the same time there will be other families who cannot have celebrations because their loved ones were more fittingly honoured at their coronation time. For the sake of those dead we must, where possible, remember the broken families and bring them cheer and comfort, poor though they may be.

Thirdly, to America. This is the largest of the three points under consideration, and because of its vastness the "soldier-civilian" will find this question difficult to answer. To us, America stands for something positive and real. If it is the wonderful country we believe it to be it does not need our approval and commendation. I mentioned above the eternal verities; one of them is justice; another, honour; and so on. As we come out of this war with a few months' fighting compared with the incessant conflict of our Allies for years, we cannot in justice say that we won the war. We threw into the balance a weight that determined the issue, but that is a different thing, a totally different thing from saying with bragging assurance, "We won the war." I am reminded of the American who acknowledged half-heartedly that the Venus de Milo was a great work of art, but added, "You ought to see our soldiers' monument in D——." And with a consciousness that truth, honour and justice are not playthings we come back to make the world better, not to reform it by smug and paternalistic evangelism. Emerson reminds us in one of his essays that a certain religious person who was visited for the purpose of effecting a cure did not succeed because he was not humble, and Emerson says through the mouth of

some one else that where there is no humility there can be no miracle.

The underlying motive that drove most of us to enlist was that we believed we had an important task to do, a purpose to serve. That principle, however, belongs as much to peace as to war. The only defensible criterion for choosing this or that is that a man may be of the greatest use there. There are of course certain conditions which force us to do things; but I speak of the free choice of the individual. As we go back, will it be with the idea that our America must be the richest, the greatest, the most powerful nation in the world, or that we shall make it the best and the most mutually understanding nation? I remember that after having read Donald Hankey's classic, "A Student in Arms," I felt exalted, gripped, subdued. One of its charms lies in its reality, its spiritual force. I believe that it is difficult to leave the book with the thought that such a man sought fame and popular recognition. The whole story is full of the idea of giving one's best for a great cause that we yield to its power. Our high duty to America is that we shall give our efforts toward the triumph of justice, that the proverbial square deal shall

be a reality, and that sham and insincerity shall not be recognised.

Our purposes will be interpreted largely by that permanent monument to history, the doughboy. He has seen, if anybody has, those things that we have been fighting; selfish pride, greed, enthroned injustice, brutality, vicious oppression and so along down the scale of a criminal Germany and I believe that we as conquerors—and conquerors because there is a law in life that makes right triumph inevitably—must give of that best which is the result of our deepest experiences. Whatever we may have seen of life abroad, it must not turn us from what we believe to be inviolable. If we are to make a new era of ideals, we can have nothing but virulent contempt for a certain Baltimore merchant, of whom I read several years ago, one who said that he would not employ a strictly moral girl in his store! The thought of one of our sisters working there fills us with greater horror. We must grow away from the idea that we are in this or that state or position entirely by a whimsical, fickle fortune. We must learn, rather, that we have the power to create and mould circumstances. We must go on in the high purposes that I believe must prevail toward the establishment of a greater brotherhood and a nobler

way of living; and I believe that those who have lived the highest will feel the deepest. As the blood shed on the fields of northern France has seemed to turn to exquisite poppy blooms, so the tragedy of the past few years may be a prologue toward a new fellowship, a sacred fraternity. And in spite of ourselves, the war, with its grim and hideous realities, will give us a deeper knowledge of our fellow-men and a higher communion with God:

“Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share.
This constitutes my earthly care;
God’s is above it and distinct!
For I a man, with men am linked,
And not a brute with brutes; no gain
That I experience, must remain
Unshared.”

X

ROBERT ANWYL JONES,
Cpl. Ordnance Department, A.E.F.
Home Address: 412 19th St.,
Moline, Illinois.

“SHE saved others, herself she cannot save!”

Will such an indictment ever be levelled at the
United States of America?

Unthinkable?

Perhaps—and yet in the turmoil of a shaken
world that already manifests its unmistakable symp-
toms in America, not impossible.

Such a criticism, however, can never be hurled
except the hard-learned lessons, the splendid philoso-
phy and the unconquerable spirit of the men of
America's Expeditionary Forces be wholly forgotten.
Never, if the American soldier carries back to the
New World and into his civic activities the same in-
domitable courage he demonstrated in France, the
ability to translate the victories of war into the ac-
complishments of peace, and the determination to
win for Right, regardless of all obstacles. Never,
if the spirit of self-sacrifice be carried into the bat-

tles of peace as it was manifested on battlefields of the Western Front.

In returning to the New World, the youth of America must fully realise that it is in reality a *New World* which he will enter. Lloyd George has crystallised this sentiment when he adjures young manhood to "Get a really new world. Try out new ways, new methods of dealing with old problems. Get a new world."

Indeed, one of the chief, if not most important obligations imposed upon the homeward-bound soldier is that his must be the influence that will turn many with a less wide vision from a course that inevitably will lead to a retrogressive, pre-war philosophy. We must not let a war-weary world lapse into its old habits, to resurrect its sordid aims, to enthroned the spirit of selfishness and greed.

It is the men of the A. E. F. who must assume the initiative in convincing these wilfully blind that no longer can America live to herself alone; no longer is the "splendid isolation" she once boasted possible in a day when her influence has extended into every corner of the known world, when every oppressed and struggling nation looks to her for example and help.

Because they have witnessed the awful conse-

quences of Frightfulness it is the men of the American Expeditionary Forces who must take the leadership in preventing either autocratic force or insensate radicalism from inflicting the curse of Rule of Might, Tyranny of Money or Ruthlessness of Mob Rule on a free people.

To say that every man in the A. E. F. appreciates Home as a priceless jewel whose value he never dreamt of before crossing the Atlantic, is to state a platitude.

Home to every true-blooded American is even more than the symbol for loved ones—a mother whose eyes have never ceased to turn longingly, anxiously toward France; a father just a little more erect in the pride of having a son who is every inch a real man; or a sweetheart whose love now embraces all humanity through giving her man to the cause of Right.

Home is all this, but in addition, it is the shibboleth of those who seek Equal Opportunity. And home is America—no longer New York, Kalamazoo or Seattle, merely, but all the United States.

And it is just this new vision, this broader conception of man and his fellows that we of the A. E. F. must keep always uppermost, in our industrial, social or political life. Ours is the obligation to

demonstrate that America cannot only purge a terrorised and bleeding Europe of the monster of Fright and vaunted imperial domination, but that it can, and will keep its own heart clean—to maintain a true democracy, to prove to a skeptical world that we cannot tolerate an industrialism that fails to believe the labourer worthy of his hire or condone a political serfdom that is based on racial prejudice, that we will not countenance a so-called democracy that is “half aristocratic and half menial.”

Henry Churchill King, in writing to the men of the American Expeditionary Forces, says: “You put your life in pledge for a truer democracy in your own nation”—and a world turns to the American soldier for the fulfillment of that pledge.

And that pledge, soberly entered into, will not be forgotten.

The men of the American Expeditionary Forces are going back—perhaps back to the old job, but even the old job will become a bigger one under the wider vision and the truer perspective of its incumbent—but certainly going back firmly determined to guarantee a democracy which will mean not merely nominal equality, but the emancipation of all, and to assure equality in education, in industry, in the field of politics and in the pursuit of happiness.

XI

FRANK J. KANE,
Stretcher Bearer,
Ambulance Co. No. I,
2nd Division.

WE are proud of our Uncle Sam because he didn't show us up before Europe. And American soldiers have taught Europe a few things. I wonder if they'll profit from our system of sanitation? I wonder if they'll learn how to shave a man properly? An American is the only barber who shaves down on the upper lip. Every time I got shaved in France or Germany I thought the end of my nose was going off. Manners we ain't supposed to have, but we showed cultured Europe a few of the fundamentals of a gentleman. Did you ever notice Private Buck, how quick Private Buck gave his seat to the European ladies? And did you notice how the European men stared at him? And the woman graciously thanked him. Here in the home of Kultur the Herrn shove the women around by the scruff of the neck. This little act of chivalry—Americans giving their seats to Frauen and Fräulein—is the talk of all the Rhineland. "Americans are rough and loud and all

that, especially in their cups," said a Frenchman to me; "at first we thought them as wild as Mangin's Algerians, but they're gentlemen under the skin." Europe will remember us for things other than the *beaucoup francs* and *viel geld*. And for these, Europe is ever ready with the itching palm.

It's America first when we get back home. We know what we are now. We were deferential before. We used to feel in the presence of old polished Europe like a country heck suddenly lifted by his boot straps and thrust on Fifth Avenue. "When a man comes to himself," says Woodrow Wilson. The returning soldiers have come to themselves all right. Like the ancient Greek we are ready to call all barbarians born outside the big old land—we've had the pentecost of Americanism, the fiery apostles are returning. Get ready the incense, ye politicians and editors. You can't fool us any more.

With the revival of Americanism due to the melting pot all fighting together, the next generation will discuss what their daddies did in the war—there will come a solid democracy. And this penetrates through our whole national life. We should arrive at a great period of literature and art. The great American novel may appear. We shall exult in the new wine. We shall witness the last struggle of

puritanism and pharisaism—those twin devils who reappear like some original sin, like the ghost of Banquo to interrupt the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Impatient with the kill joys the returning A. E. F. will have none of them. On with the dance.

Already the Puritans are intrenching. We hear that many fear the return of the combat divisions. They say that we have been contaminated with oo-la-la stuff. Well, the battle of Paris was certainly some battle, but I suppose there's a battle of New York or Chicago or any other American city—and this will have to be fought too. Nature, who is prodigal with some favours, gave the women of France beautiful forms and they are the incarnation of grace and charm. Who would decry mademoiselle for her exquisite taste in the art of dress? The soul of France is art. And the voices of French women! The æolian harp sounds like a jazz band by contrast. Old Bill of Avon, the Isle of Albion's voice for all time, must himself have trod the primrose path of Paree, for he refers to "Our sweet Enemy France," and surely he had Mlle. Yvonne's voice in mind when he set down the line, "Her voice was soft, low and gentle; an excellent thing in women." "Is there anything we can do for you?" a returned soldier was asked at a New York hospital. "Yes,"

he said, "don't send me a nurse with a high, shrill voice."

I have very little respect for that virtuous fellow who never said or did anything that his mother wouldn't approve—till he went down with the first wave in the Paris attack. I doubt his sincerity. The A. E. F. will return to you less pharisaical if a bit more Rabelaisian. France laughs at this nonsense of virtuous men getting worldly by reason of contact with her.

We want to be free when we get back. Puritanism still frowns on the joy of life. They have heaved Dionysius and his goat-footed revellers from the Pantheon. But we don't mind that. Still we were fighting for democracy in Europe when they put it over. But we don't mind that either. But we have a fullness of pleasure like they have in Europe. They seem to eat more and eat often, and drink much *pinard*. We drank a great deal of the old frogs' *pinard* ourselves during the War. Of course we have the distracting pleasures of a corner soda fountain where people drink with straws. And there's the decorous ice-cream parlour. But the point is we demand some public house, call it café, where we can sit down and talk, etc., and have some refreshments of some kind. Coca-cola won't do.

Something about a first cousin to Bacchus if you can't make it a brother. We want a kindred spirit. Do you suppose a Y. M. C. A. will fill the bill? We want to have a place to go where a tract is not poked into our hand every now and then. In Philadelphia Puritans still close the sweet movie on Sundays. It's only a short time back since the joy killers exorcised the devil out of it and sanctioned it all. And there be those, God help us, who would close it to-morrow, if they could.

We'll not be straitjacketed when we get back. We're more vocal now than we used to be. We lived with the *oui's oui's* and the *ja's ja's*. We can tell it to you in three languages.

We think our country should achieve the *sum-mum bonum*. Poets, philosophers, theologians, have groped for the highest good—a land of the heart's desire. America fulfills much and promises in abundance. All other countries are rank with the corroding poison of the past. America, as Will Irwin says, has a single track mind. England has her empire to look after. Germany has no literature or art except the sculptured deification of the Hohenzollerns omnipresent in Deutschland. Her literature died when she went in for might and power. Germany is rankly materialistic. France gives the

world its intellectual worth, and in art we bow to her. Our country combines everything worth having. And great things are inchoate in her. Out of this war an ultimate freedom in everything should follow. License will not follow. It's fatuous to fear that—if you know the American people. Literature will mount to excelsior. Will the great American novel arrive? Puritanism will put up the fight of its life. It's their last chance. Away with it. *Allez toot sweet.*

XII

WILLIAM C. KNOX,

Pvt. Hdq. Co., 58th Inf., 4th Division.

Home Address: Oneida, New York.

SOME may even expect the fulfillment of the pessimist's prophecy that we shall become nothing but "old soldiers." It will be decidedly up to us to answer the question as a soldier should. Having fought a good fight we must still press forward toward the distant goal, a life well spent in trying. For I take it, that every man-Jack-of-us, from General Pershing down, has tried in his own small way to be a soldier. We have learned what it means to have unity of action and singleness of purpose. We have had to toe the mark, to keep in line, to wait wearily in the rain and snow; we have taken orders from men who, back home, we thought were our inferiors, all because we were trying to be good soldiers. Surely we were not trying to be good soldiers so that some day we would be called "old soldiers." No, just as America showed the world how quickly she could become a living factor in the World War, so must the members of the A. E. F.

show as individuals how quickly and completely each can become again a productive citizen.

Back in those dark days of 1917 when we were making up our minds, we had visions of this day which now promises to be so near. We decided to come because, some day, we thought some one would ask us—what was our part in the World War? We came, and do not need to give the answer which history will always tell. Back there, we thought that this was going to be the one big thing in our young lives; before the war, during the war, and after the war. We have had wonderful experiences, we have suffered untold hardships, we have seen the inside of life and the vastness of death, but “the end is not yet.”

We know now that all this was for us only a schooling and that we are soon to graduate. We shall soon be handed our diploma in the form of a discharge and then—what? We must see to it that the period during the war does not surpass in purpose or achievement the reconstruction—after the war.

For many the old job will be waiting; for many more there will be a new job, but in either case it will be up to the soldier to make good. His discharge may serve as a passport or entrance requirement to the job but after that his own doings must prove that the job is not too big for him. If he has

really grown, it will not be difficult to make the job big enough to fit. Many a man will be paid for his work at first, more than he is worth, for the people back there have contracted the habit of giving to the soldier. He must remember then that he is no longer a soldier, who gets almost everything free, but a civilian, and civilians must pay. His days of buying cigarettes, chocolate and other needed articles, at cost, from a generous government or welfare organisation will be over. Then, will come the real test of the soldier's growth.

I remember the first talk that the Chaplain gave us on that Sunday afternoon when we had been relieved in the Argonne; how he brought to our minds the question: why we had been spared when there were so many other men, better than we were, who had stood the final test and whom we had left, back there, on the hills and in the woods? "It is for us, the living," to fill the places left vacant by them as willingly and as well as they would have done. They made the sacrifice freely; we must, as freely, fill their places and our own to give back to the world the final reward.

It was then that we learned, because of the lack of them, what it means to feel the touch of loving hands, to hear the sound of the gentle voice, and to

see the clear eyes of a good woman. You have seen, countless times, the affection displayed by the American soldier, rough as he is, toward the little children by the way. You have seen him touch gently the curly locks on little heads, walk hand-in-hand with some little urchin of the street, and give away half his meal when there was seldom too much. It is more than half true that little children and dogs are the best judges of character. Tell me, then, what child in France or Germany does not love the American soldier more than any other. Then tell me, how these same soldiers can go home to the land where they can love and be loved and show any other spirit than that which has been their most predominant trait during the war. Do you think it will be possible for them to lose their spirit of generosity and brotherly kindness as soon as they put on civilian clothes?

We have seen enough of things military to know that the American can tolerate military rule only in an emergency. We have seen enough of Bolshevism to know that it was never made for us. We are not going home as a body to any one party or class, for all political parties as well as Labour and Capital will have a generous representation from the former members of the A. E. F. But the future veterans of this war may be depended upon to fight

again as individuals or collectively whenever the rights of mankind are threatened or the sacredness of women's honour is at stake.

We have not learned to love the British, but now we understand them better. We do not idolise the French, although we revere their spirit of sacrifice. For all our allies we have an undying respect since we know what they endured through four years and more, and still held on. We have not even learned to hate the Germans, although we despise the thing for which they fought. A League of Nations? Yes, by that or any other name, a living thing in the heart of man, born in the mind of all free thinking people realising that the rule of the world by one tongue, one creed, or one nation was never meant to be.

We are returning home more truly American than we ever were before. We know now what love of country means. We know the priceless worth of a friend in need. We see the size of the place we have to fill. Humanity to us is no longer an expression but a child of the soul of man. It is because we are changed in mind, in heart, and in spirit; it is because we see the relation between the future of the world and our part in the past war that I say—we are returning home to become citizens of a bigger America and, therefore, a better World.

VIV

PROCTOR P. LINCOLN,
Pvt. 1 c. Army Athletics, G-5,
11 Ave., Montaigne, Paris.

JAMES SINCLAIR wasn't a soldier. In fact, if he was a little younger he would be classed in the mamma's boy category. But he had grown beyond that age and now carried a cane, upon certain momentous occasions, for James was in love, and like all lovers he wanted to outshine all competitors in the manner of attire.

Time went on and the newspapers carried big black headlines one noon stating in a heart-palpitating way that the "War was on." James bought a newspaper that evening at a subway station as he was on his way home. Every one had newspapers.

The news did sort of tingle the blood in James' veins but it was only a passing touch of excitement—for James contemplated his wasted form beneath the fair clothes he wore, had dubitated before that in case of war he was miles away from it, at least from a physical standpoint. And then he was in love!

The war was in Europe for him.

Uncle Sam began to camouflage his overseas vessels, steady streams of pack-burdened doughboys boarded the vessels and they sailed away from the Statue of Liberty. It really caused no noticeable vacuum in the social life of the town; it was only an occasional lad who vanished from the whirling life about him.

So James sat tight, went on as usual in that "business as usual" attitude, which characterised the States at that time—and made love according to Hoyle.

Even June 5 Registration Day didn't make a perceptible ripple upon the nerves of James, for why should any army need young men of his physical incapacities and who never saw a gun and never even glanced at the army and navy news in any Sunday newspaper? He felt he couldn't pass an examination for an old ladies' home, although he was only nearing the twenty-eighth milestone.

He saw many perfect specimens of manhood about him and he knew that they were ready for the call. But he was beyond redemption, around the corner, he felt.

But one day, with the snow just disappearing off the ground and a spirit of spring in the air, a sort

of patriotic fever coursed through him. He didn't sense its coming and it caught him unawares. He had hardly ever listened to the five-minute orators in the theatres, for they had bored him and a recruiting crowd was always a spot of humanity to positively avoid.

That was early in March, 1918.

But the warmer air kept gripping him, along with the army fever, and he felt that he might as well "try out the doctors." So he said nothing to his family or friends, even that girl was forgotten, and he went before the medical doctors examining recruits. It was now late in March.

There was a marked difference to James in his clothes and without them. There were twenty-five pounds of difference to the casual beholder. From a beau brummel dresser he became, like magic, a poor specimen of manhood.

But the physicians found no organic trouble with James and despite his bodily emaciation he was forwarded to camp—Camp Devens—and went through that mill which produced O. D. soldiers from civilian dressed young men.

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There was a two-golden striped James Sinclair in France the other day. He's probably home now

with the big outflux of overseas soldiers who proceeded over that memorial gangplank on their way home. He has the same name as the James Sinclair of early March, 1918, but his physical appearance is changed, his mental attitude has been revolutionised, and home, to him, looks like a million dollars.

And that girl is still waiting for him.

And what has happened to James in this country despoiled by war and what has made him more of a man for the future is shown in a letter which is typical of the thousands of other Americans who were in the same "boots" as Sinclair. Excerpts from the letter, which was received by his aunt, follow:

DEAR AUNT:—

To-day is warm and they say the drive is on at the front. We sense it, too, for the speed of our work is doubled and longer hours is the rule.

This is the time to make one think. You remember that I have always felt the call of some other city and home didn't have that halo about it. But now—after the strain and tear of war, sleeping in mud and eating in quick time,—that home looks better than a gilded palace in Heaven.

And some day I'm coming back to it, I hope. It will surely be a haven, a shelter. Personally I don't

see how I'll ever be "at home" with table cloths on the table, or clean knives and forks around. I'm afraid it'll be like a dream.

You will know that I am different. The scales show my weight as 143, a gain of twenty-one pounds, which is some betterment for me who never seemed to change in build for several years.

And I've begun to think that after all the dance-hall-like career out in the evening's bright lights is not the real, genuine life but just a tinselled brand, —false as a shadow.

You'll find that I'll devote more of my time to politics—which previously to the war was shamefully neglected. A good many young fellows had that "let George do it" attitude. But they are changed, too. There is little doubt but that for the next forty-odd years the A. E. F. will dictate public opinion, for the pick of America came across the Atlantic.

According to the drift of language you'll probably notice that a good percentage of the young men who come back will settle down and marry the girls they left behind. They all talk that way and say they have seen enough of the world and are willing to "be at home" for the remainder of their careers.

"Home—what then?" Why, better citizenship!

XIV

JAMES MACDONALD,
Cpl. Class Camp Infirmary,
St. Aignan-Noyers France.
Home Address: JAMES MACDONALD,
26 West 32nd St.,
New York City, N. Y.

HE held the line at Château-Thierry; he pushed on from St. Mihiel to the Argonne; he sweated and toiled with almost superhuman strength. He did his duty—gloriously.

But now he had completed the last lap of his journey in France; from the army on the Rhine, or from the S. O. S., he has arrived at his port. Even now he can hear the siren of the good ship "Transport" and to-morrow he ascends the gangplank to sail for the land where the Goddess holds aloft the beckoning light. He will soon be free, able to do as he chooses, the master of his own destiny and so—(but let me present my subject)—Gentlemen! he is a first class product of the United States. He is, gentlemen, the American Doughboy.

For obvious reasons we can not discuss the thoughts and opinions of each individual member of

the Army Overseas, but from the knowledge gained by long association with the rank and file we can have a fairly definite idea of the philosophy of the Soldier.

The celebration of the good news of his homegoing has passed and the time has come, now that he is on the threshold of the old life, to consider seriously the problems and questions related to his future. Up until the time of reaching port only one thing mattered—he was going home! But alone with himself the question looms larger than ever before, the question of “—— and then what?”

He instinctively feels that he cannot pursue the old life exactly as he left it. Changes have arisen and try as he may to dismiss the thought it presents itself that he also must be different, not only to meet changed conditions but in justice to himself.

His reasoning begets a fixed idea. He must in duty to himself, be clean and wholesome and carry on in civil life the finest traditions of the soldier. With a quickening of the senses he knows that he is superior to the man he left behind on the day he reached his training camp. At the time he was just an ordinary civilian, often careless and even slovenly in dress, not given to thinking of ideals and higher things; but having been through the maelstrom of

War he knows the reasons why he shouldered a gun. And so he realises that he went through Hell for an Ideal.

He knows a real man when he sees one and while he is unfamiliar with the meaning of the word "Psychology" he has become an expert on the study of human nature. He knows the fate of the coward; he has seen the strong man of the company go to pieces under gruelling shell fire, has watched the weakling win the D. S. C.

He has acquired the habit of thinking. His religion is Service and his motto the Golden Rule. His body is clean, his mind is clear and he finds his thoughts travelling on the upward path. A civilian, he was content with his lot and glad to live from day to day dependent wholly on others; a soldier, he feels his responsibility, he knows he is a better man than he was before and he has suddenly become ambitious. He is determined to play the game straight and he is out to win.

There comes a thought of one who has been with him through it all. His memories of her are the sweetest and purest. Her hair is silvered and the lines of care have deepened since he, her boy, sailed away. But to him she is all that is beautiful and good and true. No other mother is just as good

as she. How often has her picture, which he carries between the leaves of his Testament, been the subject of his adoring eyes? To him it seemed that each day merely served to intensify his love for her. But now he was going back with the pent-up love of many months clamouring for expression. He feels a trifle ashamed that he was not all that he should have been to her in the old days, but that is over now. He appreciates all that she has ever done for him and he remembers vividly that awful time of anxiety, months ago, when he had had news of her sickness. It was then that he, who seldom entered a church, prayed that she might be restored to health and now, on the eve of seeing her again he had a new faith and belief in his God and a new sense of dependence and gratitude to Him.

He recalled the names of his pals who died in the field. No! they had not merely returned to dust. Their bodies? yes! but the laughing, cheerful Bill and Joe or their more serious comrades still lived. Of that he was certain. He could not believe that they had gone forever; his simple reasoning would not permit the thought. Their spirits lived—he was not quite sure where, he was no theologian—he was satisfied in his belief. That was enough.

With a feeling of elation he thought of Dad. The

old man sure would be proud to welcome his son home and he was going to show him that his son was worthy of the name. Together they would tackle the problems of home life and together they would show the world that they could make a real home. And then his kid brother. He knew just how proud he was of his big brother in France. The kid was young and it was plainly his duty to look after him and, by his example, have him grow to be a real man, clean and strong.

He thought of the girl. She had been so true to him and her letters had always been a source of joy and encouragement. As soon as he got settled he would pull off that little job which was already contracted for—and his face extended into a grin as he saw in his mind's eye that ring on her finger.

Yes, he was going home—home to his own beloved land. The time was very near now. He could almost hear the chug of the engines as the big ship started on her way. Home! and all that it meant to him. He hastily wiped away a tear and then immediately looked to see if any one had observed him at such a weak outburst. If there was anything he hated it was cheap and tearful sentiment.

His eye caught the waving flag high over the

barracks square. He had fought for it—aye! bled for it (and he thoughtfully brushed a thread from his wound stripe), but it was worth it all. The flag was whipped as if into life by a sudden breeze from the harbour and at that moment the future became clear as a crystal to the homeward bound doughboy.

He had fought for his flag and what it stood for, with gun and steel and nerve and sinew, but the greater fight was ahead of him now. The old order must go. No more could crooked and corrupt politics exist. The cleanliness of a man's character would be his recommendation. Higher and higher would climb the standard of his new America. She must lead the world in righteousness and justice. To her had been given authority to set the standards of truth, honesty and clean living. America, his America! would undertake the leadership of the nations and as the conviction bore itself to the soldier he suddenly realised that he was a part of the great new order of things. He had youth, health, and a soaring ambition. He understood now that he and his comrades in service had a tremendous opportunity such as rarely comes to a man, and in his brain there was formed a determination to perform his new task well and faithfully. He would give of his best and be true to his vision of a better America, for what it

meant to him, for the sake of his dear ones at home and for the honour of his beloved homeland.

And so, as the last rays of the setting sun proclaimed the close of another day, and the transport busied herself for his coming on the morrow there was born a new citizen of the Better America.

XV

WILLIAM H. MARTIN,
Sgt. Administration Co. 12, M.T.C.,
APO No. 717, Tours, France.
Home Address: 24 So. Jackson Ave.,
Chelsea, Atlantic City, N. J.
U.S.A.

AMERICAN Business has been tapped on the shoulder by an insistent young man who has a valuable proposition to sell—a proposition the value of which is beyond challenge for the simple reason that the world has been reading the “ads” and has seen this particular brand of goods put to the full test of ability. Your young man is endeavouring to sell, and will sell—Himself.

Take, if you will, the young American who donned his khaki uniform and Cookstoured to the A. E. F. for the sole and simple reason of removing some of the “h, e, double l” from Wilhelm. It did not take him long to sell his particular brand of ability to the C. in C. or to the enemy. He has been well advertised, it is true, but at the same time he was shipped with a money-back guarantee that was backed by gilt-edged securities. Young America

learned his first lesson then and there, he learned to serve.

The pathway to all success is through Service. When a man has realised this truth he has but to place his "Regals" in the path that has been traced by the men who went before him, and kept moving, and sooner or later he will limn the lines of the classic structure that hoards the precious germ of contentment. That is what we are all working to attain.

We go back to America some day. Some of us will go back to our old jobs with the feeling that we will take off our coats and lick them to a standstill. Others of us have grown beyond our jobs both in ideals and in effort. When a man has learned to bear a burden that is a wee bit heavier than the one he once carried without noticing the difference in their respective weights, he loses caste with himself if he reverts to the lighter task. What was it that Hubbard used to say about responsibilities?

Your young American will not be satisfied with a pay envelope; he wants a pay check. He has been thrown into the melting pot with men who have painted great pictures before his eyes—with men who have been content with even less than his portion. The resolution to grow worthy of a greater

commercial niche has been born within him. He sees himself in the bigger job. The one statement that American employers will hear in the future is this: "I am looking for something better than my old job." And the reason is plain. When a man has suffered for the ideals of other men, it is not long before he takes those very ideals to his own heart. Then he is fighting not for those other men alone, but for himself first of all. His vision broadens as his sufferings and privations grow. In his very miseries there is the irrepressible that exalts him and lifts him up and onward to his victory.

We think of our old jobs now—we see the old desk, and remember with a smile the pile of papers under the bronze figure that used to hold them down. Day after day we went there, and each day saw the little pile increase and diminish with duties added or decreased. It was a good old job—the work was pleasant, and we thought we could see the dawn of our success creeping up slowly. We pocketed our pay—remember how we used to call it "salary" in those days, and say "pretty soft" to the boys?

But now with the bearing of the greater cross and the heavier burden we have found that our feet are still as steady on the road we travel. We have found how easily solved are the problems that once

vexed us, how easily surmountable are the obstacles that once loomed ominously ahead of us. It will be child's play to face them now. When the khaki has been tenderly laid aside for the new Stein-Bloch, the hands will reach out to break treaty with the past and to grip with the future. And I know that the future is all that some of the boys are going to have.

There will be new fields of endeavour opened and new channels through which the quickened blood of our men shall run will soon be found. There will be more sincerity in the day's work, for these boys will realise that in the past their very lives depended on work well done. Truly, had business realised this years ago would there be as many changes necessary in Bradstreet, or in Dun? And, as a business man, would you not feel secure if you knew that your newest employee had been one of the boys "over there"?

This much I know—that if America grows she must grow in the sinews of her young sons; if they are strong then she is doubly strong—if they are weak, some day the stones will slip from her foundation. But you know and I know that the new shoulders that have been put to the wheel are not the type that yield ground. They may not have been so strong before the war, but now—see how

the muscles spring to the taut, and vision if you can the immensity of their future.

Home, and then what? There is only one answer, and we can put it in very few words—to shake hands with Success. And to do that we mean to keep on serving—to keep on doing the very best we know, even though it may be the smallest task we have—to intrench ourselves firmly before the citadel we intend to capture, and to dig in both mentally and physically until we win.

It may be no easy task—but oh, the joy of the winning! To feel the joy of doing something that brings results—that, in itself will be the greater recompense. For your lad in khaki is capable of great things, and he will not wish or care to try his hand at petty ones. The old mould is cracked—the new one is being filled with its molten mass, and your new design shall be beautiful, and strong.

And here is a little word of caution and of truth—you need not try to subdue the young America—a new and greater impulse has been born—and in the hearts of the boys who are coming back to you the rubber stamp idea has lost its place. They want their names and their ideals to stand for something. They sold themselves on the fields of France, and

they are coming back to sell their services again—to American business.

That was what I meant in the beginning. Some of them are flinging wide the portals already—some are still tapping for interviews. Home, and then what? I think that the young men of America are looking to America for the answer to that question, and when it is given they will give theirs.

As for me, I've got two hands—

XVI

ROBERT SPENCER McCLURE, JR.,

Sgt. Ambulance Co. 111, A.E.F.

Home Address: Quarryville, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania,
U.S.A.

“HOME and then what?” would be a silly question if the men of the A. E. F. were going back to that home with mind and soul unchanged by their experience abroad.

The question itself imports a change. If one can locate that change, analyse and tag it so that its exact nature is known, then some fairly accurate forecast can be made about what these men will probably do in the future.

When Izzie and Percival and Pat sailed from their native shore they had more or less hazy ideas about this thing called Democracy. They were willing to fight for it but they didn't fully realise just what it was. They had lived with it and had its protection for so long that it had become a matter of course with them.

They were more or less careless citizens with an idea that so long as they didn't start any riots or sell

their vote but cast it for the best man, they were doing their duty to the country. Furthermore, they didn't want to be bothered too much in finding out who was the best man. The baseball score and the dance to be held in Murphy's Dancing Parlours next Tuesday were a lot more interesting.

After landing in France the Izzies and Percivals and Pats were put to a thousand and one different jobs.

As they marched weary hours, each carrying a galling pack, or lay in shell holes with lights over head and machine guns spluttering at them; as they worked until aching muscles fairly shrieked for rest while they put up two warehouses in the time that only one went up before; while they were doing three thousand and one jobs that called for hardship and sacrifice and endurance such as they had never dreamed of before, a change was taking place.

When a man suffers the agony of days and nights of continuous work, when he goes without food for long periods of time, as he inevitably must during severe fighting, when he goes and goes until he can sleep between a pig and a goat and enjoy his slumber, he takes more than a passive interest in what it is all about.

When he hears the groan of mortal agony and sees

the death pallor creep over the face of his pal, he starts to ask himself if it is all worth while.

The men of the A. E. F. have answered that question in their hearts to their own satisfaction. The answer they gave on the battlefields should satisfy the world.

These men have come to *realise* what they only thought before. They realise that the spirit of democracy is the grandest, the most sublime sentiment in the human breast. They now know that it isn't an elusive thing to be spoken of but that it is a concrete ideal to be followed. They have seen what Autocracy would do to the world and they are willing to fight again and die if need be that their fellow men may not be slaves but free to work out their spiritual and worldly salvation in their own way.

This is the change that has taken place. What results may we logically expect from it after Izzie, Percival and Pat have returned home? Any indifference that these men had about the government has gone. They have no idea of trying to make radical changes. Why should they, when the very foundation of the government is that ideal for which they have suffered? But if that ideal was worth all the pain and suffering of France, then it is worth

all of their energies in practising it at home. That ideal is a thousand times more sacred now and will be guarded that many times more jealously.

I do not mean that they are going back to be professional politicians. There will be less politicians from the crowd than if they had stayed at home but as they follow the plough or sell ribbons or work in a mill, they will have before them their country's problems and they will attack them with a new-born interest and a knowledge and intelligence broadened by travel and experience.

The birth of the realisation of duty to country came first because that was the duty ever-present before them in France. That the realisation of duty to family and self should follow is natural.

These men are blessed or burdened (whichever way you choose to look at it) with a sense of duty that their service in France has forced upon them whether they wanted it or not. They cannot escape it. They will be more conscientious workers because of it.

Home, and then what? This is what each of those men desires: a clean life of honest work. He knows that if his country really stands for democracy he will always have an opportunity for that clean life of honest work, and so he resolves to keep

an ever-watchful eye that that ideal for which he has suffered be not tampered with, but remain the shining beacon light toward which the ship-of-State should unfalteringly pursue her course.

XVII

"MIKE," 5th Marines.

"WE'RE going home! These are magic words to every member of the A. E. F. They fulfill our fondest desires, they represent our greatest ambitions. Since the signing of the Armistice, the thoughts of this moment have been the beginning and the ending of all our plans and actions. To most of us, it means not merely the triumphant return of the victors, but rather, our long looked-for release from military routine; a welcomed return to the old civil life with a broadened vision, an enlightened attitude and a renewed energy, a blissful reunion with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts: the happy revival of old interests and habits and friendships; the gradual obliteration of the strange nightmare of the past year, when we lived like hunted beasts in the mud and filth of the front and prowled like thieves in the dark, when we travelled like cattle in a car or plodded weary miles upon miles through the night; when we were cold and soaked to the skin for days at a time, and

a heap of dirty straw in a cowstable was a Heaven-sent bed; when for days we never slept and seldom ate and one little canteen of water was more precious than the wealth of the world; when a man's life was a matter of moments, a plaything of fate, whose value was naught, yet most precious of all. And he lost it or gave it or saved it, as fate willed or the occasion demanded.

No, nightmarish as they seem now, we can never forget these days. And that's another reason why we want to return. Oh, to get these grunting smirking Boches out of our sight, to leave the pitiful, haunting ruins of devastated France behind, to hear again our native tongue spoken on all sides, to look once more upon the old home town, to greet our friends, to meet our loved ones and gaze upon the fairest land on earth. Our work is done, the Hun is vanquished. Do you wonder that we crave a quick return?

Even I, who have no home, am most as bad as the rest. No monster fête, no state's acclaim, no city's royal welcome awaits our regiment's return; no wife nor mother anxiously counts the days until I come, no urgent duty calls me from over there; no business clamours for my services; no single immediate summons comes to me across the sea. And yet my soul

hungers to return, if but for a day. To gaze upon the old familiar scenes, to walk again the paths of my childhood and to rub elbows again with a good old American crowd.

What matters, if my home be broken up, my family scattered from Michigan to Texas? Except for five strenuous weeks at Quantico, it's four years since I've been in the good old U. S. A. and over ten years since I've been home. And I'll make the most of it. As soon as we land, I want at least thirty days all to myself. First, I'll beard the Pater in his den, where he sits every day, absorbed in loyal devotion to his work; a proud, stern, lonely old man. And I shall stand at attention and say: "Dad, your eldest son has returned and asks forgiveness for his sins. The years have been long and the way has been hard and my folly has been as great. But at last I return with clean hands and pride in my heart. In the shock of the past year I have been born again and I crave that the past be forgotten and that we may resume again the relations of ten years ago." And I know that he'll forgive. For he, too, has done his bit and been imbued with the great spirit of the war. And then we shall talk, way into the night, of many things; of my future and his, and of my brothers and sisters, and of mother and the days that are gone.

And he'll probably suggest again (but not insist this time) that I go into business with him. For it is not for me. And we both know it, now.

And then I shall go to my eldest sister in another state and she'll get a week's vacation from the office. And we'll take a canoe and a camping kit and we'll spend the whole glorious week on the old river and in the woods. We'll paddle and fish and swim and dive and bask in the sun. And she will fix for me wonderful things to eat, and sing the songs that mother sang to us. And I'll tell her of my wanderings and of the war and of the grave of one whom she knows will never return. And we'll bury our sorrows and regrets, both of us, then and there, and return to our duties, strengthened and fit for the years to come.

Next comes my brother, who's married, though younger than I; blessed with a cozy little home, a dear little wife and two rowdy youngsters who are strangers to me. From his letters, I know that his cup is overflowing with happiness, though he foolishly laments at times the fact that he is tied down and can not roam the world at will. I shall visit him and romp with his boys and revel in the joy of his home. And he shall be proud of his big brother and his decorations and possibly a bit envious, for he too

was once smitten with the wanderlust. But I shall enlighten him and show him the emptiness of it all. Nor shall I try to conceal my envy of his wife and boys and home, that he may realise the value of what is his. For it is we homeless ones who really know the priceless value of a happy home.

From there I shall go to my younger sister, who is a Junior at the University and very much in love with life. And we shall go to the theatre and dances and picnics—she and I—and I shall be on dress parade and meet her friends and form my poor opinion of her school and her friends. And perhaps, lecture her in vain upon the seriousness of life, for she is young and talented and has the family failing of having a head of her own. And probably she'll know what is best at that, for I'm not much versed in the ways of women.

My next call takes me to Texas, where my younger brother, not yet 21, lingers voluntarily, as a Sergeant in the Army. To him I shall say: "Brud, the war is over and your work here is done. For a youth of your age and ability, the Army holds no future. Get out and get out at once. Choose your vocation in civil life and start now, building for the future. Every moment which you lose now is precious. In your youth and inexperience, this care-

free life appeals to you. You crave action and variety, want to be footloose and free to see more of the world before you settle down. You imagine that there will be time enough for that later. But you're wrong, radically wrong. Out of my experience, I tell you you are mistaken. Truly, only a fool or a child thinks that twenty years and twenty dollars are never spent. Believe me, when I tell you that this life which you're choosing, is empty and vain, and palls on me, just after it's too late to profitably change. So profit by my loss and follow our brother's footsteps and not mine."

And last I shall go, all alone, to the grave of my mother, in that sleepy little old Illinois town. I'll tell her my troubles and confess her my sins, as of old. I'll commune with her spirit and seek her advice. I'll ask for her blessing and receive guidance and inspiration to keep the resolutions I have made.

Having squared the old scores and wiped the slate clean, I'll report back for duty with Uncle Sam, in the service which has been my salvation, and endeavour to maintain the record, and be worthy the title, of United States Marine.

XVIII

P. A. MONTGOMERY,
Pvt. 5th Co., 14th Grand Division,
APO No. 701, Montoir, France.

WE had been married nearly three years, and had a baby boy nearly two years old. We could not get along. She never had loved me, nor had I really ever loved her. We had talked of a divorce quite frequently of late, but there was always the question of who should have the baby. I wanted him, so did she. We talked of it calmly and without any regret.

So home meant nothing to me. It was something to keep away from. Something to shun as much as possible, which I did. I knew she was a good girl and a good wife, but could see no reason why I should spend my whole life in misery. She felt the same toward me.

Then I joined the army. I had gotten a leave of absence from the company I was working for. I had left bills amounting to about \$175.00 but I had enough wages due me that she would get to pay it all, and have a little left. She had intended renting part of the house furnished to help out until she

would get her allotment from the Government. I was glad to get away.

I had been at Ft. Leavenworth over a month, and she wanted to come up and stay awhile before I left. I told her to come. I had written her as regularly as she had me. I had begun to miss her, though I was not homesick. I knew I was doing the only thing I could do under the circumstances by joining the army.

After she came I spent all of my spare time with her. Neither of us had a great deal to say to each other; we would take the baby out walking and go for an hour at a time without speaking to each other.

One evening, a few days before I was to leave for France, I went in to visit for a couple of hours. We were sitting talking low, as the baby was lying asleep on the bed. For the first time I noticed her skirt, neat but a little worn, and her shoes were a little run over at the heels. A lump came in my throat and I couldn't help it. Glancing upward I could see her eyes were full of tears. All I could do was to look for several minutes. I could not speak. Finally I managed to ask her what was the trouble. She was beside me in an instant, and between sobs told me she didn't want me to go, and asked why in

the world I wanted to leave her and the baby, that they needed me.

I braced up and told her that we had never been able to live together with any harmony and that if anything happened I made all my insurance to her, and she could live on the allotment and the house rent she would get, while I was in the Army and if nothing happened to me I would provide for her and the baby after I was discharged. I had said all I could; she was sobbing hysterically and could only say, "Don't, don't do it." The baby had climbed down from the bed and stood in front of us before I noticed him. He tugged at his mother's skirt and said, "Mamma!" My wife could not answer him; then he came to me and said the only other word he knew and really understood, "Daddy," and looked up at me with wondering and questioning eyes. Then he climbed up into my lap and put his arms around both our necks and cried with us.

The next few days were full of happiness for us. We hated to part. I knew she was game, and would make out all right, and she had confidence in me. That was all I needed, it was all I wanted. I went to the train to see them off. All I could say was "Well, good-bye" and turned and walked away as

fast as I could—after the train started. I was glad it was dark.

We have been in France a year now, and we are going home, perhaps next month. Home! a word that had almost lost its meaning to me.

Then what? There never was an expression that would put an A. E. F. man to thinking any quicker, but who knows? Each man has an idea. Perhaps he will say he is going to spend the rest of his life in bed. Perhaps he has a girl over there or he is going to “rest up on somebody” for about six months, then go to work. There is no problem of any importance to the individual. All he wants is to get home. Then he will let nature take its course. He knows he will come out all right. It is a cinch that after last July and August he will remember that forty to seventy hours’ work on corned willie sandwiches is not pleasant. A great deal depends on what branch of service men are in. I know of one detachment that has organised a small association. They expect to get busy as soon as they get back. Their purpose seems to be to get acquainted with their Congressman and keep in touch with what goes on in Congress, and also to have a convention occasionally to compare notes on what

has been done, and to plan a programme for the following year.

I, for one, am not going to teach my boy to step out with his left foot first. I am going to teach him that when he is in trouble not to despair, but to look around for a solution or for several solutions and then choose the best for every one concerned. I do not want him to ever be a soldier, but if he ever is, I want him to know he is on the right side. I will teach him all about birds and flowers and animals, and to love nature. As he gets older I'll teach him to vote for the man who is an advocate of the principle that is most beneficial to people who need help the most, and to be interested enough to see if he does it or not. That is only a few of the things I could name that I want him to understand.

In the meantime I will be doing my bit as a citizen. I would like to see our natural utilities put to use for the benefit of all and our natural resources preserved as far as practical, such as forests and coal deposits. I am going to do something I've never done before, and that is to save some money. I have sure learned that it is inconvenient to be "sans francs"; beside that, you can never have any prestige, and without prestige you can't make much. My salary will be a little over \$300 each month when

I get back and I have enough spare time to make extra money at something else, without interfering with my regular position. We are going to visit our parents every year and see that they have all they need in their declining years.

If I ever have any one working for me, I will pay them enough so their daughters and wives will not be tempted to throw their self-respect to the winds in order to have enough to eat or decent clothes, or I will not hire them. My wife can check on my account for I have that much confidence in her judgment. I know hers is much better than mine.

I feel more like a man than I ever did before. Without the trip to France, I don't believe the change could ever take place, and I am not going to let my spirit lag, for I've learned that disappointments are trifling affairs and soon pass. I am going to forget all the "bawling outs" I have gotten from unthoughtful officers, not that they went in one ear and out the other, for most of them showed utter lack of sense and of justice, but I have had enough unpleasantness. I will even forgive the bird who stole my russet shoes, by the time I get home. It is a cinch we will leave the *vin* sisters here and from all indications old John Barleycorn won't be strong enough to meet us at the dock. I am not sorry, but

I did have a little hankering for Blanc and Rouge, but when I think of the bareheaded and half naked French "gamin" I saw last winter standing in the snow eating from our swill barrels around our camps, I can leave without even bidding them good-bye.

I think of my own "petit gars"; I can only see him as a toddler, like he was when I left, but he is almost a man now I guess, for he talks a blue streak at everybody that asks him about his father. He says "Daddy soldier France ship, train home" and has to show them my photo and his service pin.

My wife in her last letter says she went to visit an old school-girl friend. In her words she said: "Mrs. So and So has a new baby girl. I wish we had a little girl for P. A. Jr.; she would be such good company for him and he is getting *so* big."

XIX

ARTHUR PRILL,
Chief Engineers Section,
Headquarters, Third Army, A.E.F.
Home Address: 544 West 145th St.,
New York, N. Y.

HOME—What a magic word. It means to me, not a mere house with street or garden, but my folks, whose circle widens as I think of them till the vision embraces my town and My Country. After getting there, "At Ease," "At Rest" and "Fall Out" are going to be my principal drill formations for two or three weeks; then will come a desire for action.

This, for most of us will mean finding a job. My mother is a wide-awake woman and I can take her advice in such matters feeling sure that I'm marching under competent orders. She has already written me that when we soldiers return we must be careful about our attitude because:

Nobody owes us anything.

What we had the privilege of doing abroad we did for ourselves and already receive recompense in the continuation of our country's freedom, to say nothing of our own individual development. It may

be days, even weeks before some of us find the work we want; in such case it may be well to analyse one's object:

Is it suited to our ability?

Is it the opening to seek at this time?

The men to whom we apply for work are good judges of who is likely to be a profitable employee in their business; if we are not sure we can deliver the goods on this requisition we had better attack on a new front suited to our man-power. The answer to the second question depends on commercial conditions. If business is slack in one's old line, one may be able to get almost, or quite as good a paycheck from some other kind of a house. Go where the action is hottest if you want to gain ground worth having. A turn-down here and there does not matter; did you never have to go around a machine gun nest before you could bomb the Boche out of it? If you were in the Engineers and found one section of the road so full of shell holes that it would have taken a week to fill them up, didn't you build a new road around and between those holes in half a night?

On making a reconnaissance of our field of action—these vast, wonderful United States, such of us as are not held by family ties will find that the road

sign "Back to the Land" does not point to a region of mere wheat, potatoes and hogs. Out in the real West are mines and smelters, logging camps, horses, cattle, railway and water power construction. Between the Columbia and the Colorado Rivers are chances enough for adventure to make every day a red-blooded event for an old soldier.

On a city job, the courage which counts is that of self-control. You may work in Wall Street ten years and never see a chance to steal a subway ticket, but not many of the boys hold themselves down and leave their savings in the bank when coppers or motors begin to jump in a boiling market. Yet it will only be when you learn to make your money work for you that you will take the advance line of your objective—financial independence, and a man is no more likely to pick up sound investment principles by glancing at the stock quotation column than he can learn to do "Squads Right" by looking through a manual of military training while sitting in a Morris chair.

This eighteen months in the Army has sure put a crimp in my own bank account, francs nearly fee-neesh, so for a year or two after I get back to work I'll save, or maybe accumulate Liberty Bonds. Then if I am not in direct touch with financial affairs, I'm

going to get one of the officers of my bank to help select the first investments among public utility or railway bonds and preferred stocks. Meanwhile I'll be studying some of the good books now available on financial methods for beginners. An uncle of mine who's been through the Civil war said to me when I enlisted "Remember that colonels are not born with the silver eagles on their shoulders," and few fathers are now raising crown princes.

Only for our character's development is it a satisfactory thing to set our aim among the stars. Do you remember the time when you had been marching all night, even your can of corn willie was gone, you had no slicker in the rain and your legs were numb yet full of needles? "Five more kilometres" was the word passed down the line, but you whistled and tried to crack a joke with that lanky connection file ahead whose ankles were nearly all in. Well, in civil life too you can do your darndest no matter how you feel, yourself, to make things look a little brighter for the other fellow. Perhaps the greatest humanitarian problem before us lies among the 17,500,000 aliens now in the United States. That they will give their lives for the flag we saw in the Argonne beside us. If you have the weight you should in your community throw it to the political candidate who stands

for the most liberal education of these foreigners as well as of your own children. The world's miseries are mostly due to ignorance which like mustard gas, makes a casualty of a man without his knowing it till too late. The restlessness that manifests itself in anarchistic activities will have to be met by just such iron justice as old soldiers can hand out. In your own trade or profession join those movements which make for unity and construction, yet, respect the rights of others. Just around the corner the sick and the poor can always be found; the latter are best helped, not by direct gifts but by showing them how to adjust their own battle-sights, and by the way, don't let the good deed be contingent on thanks.

I guess a lot of us have also decided that as soon as we've found a satisfactory location we'll let some pretty girl do us the biggest favour of our lives. Boys, hasn't the American girl got 'em all beat, though? She will be really worth leading up the aisle.

So our future at home resolves itself into a continuation of service in a vast United States Army that works and fights without uniforms. When our hair turns white and the final peace is near, we will want an eternal furlough to visit those comrades

whose last good-bye was murmured to us on the Marne. We must be ready for inspection by that Great General who wears the stars of the universe; then when the zero hour comes for each member of the A. E. F. he'll go over the top with a smile of victory.

XX

Pvt. 1/c,
Camp Hospital No. 33,
APO No. 716, Brest, France.
Home Address: Richfield, California.

I SAW a magazine article entitled, "As You Were." I wondered if we were going back home to be as we were. Most of us are going back home, but "As You Were?" No, that is asking too much. The question is even being asked, "How you gonna' keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" The author of this ditty is right; seeing "Paree" makes a difference. But he's wrong; all men do not respond by leaving the farm to go jazzin' aroun', paintin' the town. That will be the choice of some. Others will paint their thoughts, or landscape their gardens, discourage vulgar entertainments, organise to fight prostitution, oppose dirty literature, prevent dangerous dance halls—he has seen what all these lead to.

Many of the A. E. F. have never seen Paris. And to those who have, the impressions are less forceful than the impressions of other experiences we have

had over here. To live with Death for days at a time, to meet him, to just miss him, to have him take your buddie—how can you tell them “As You Were” after they’ve lived with death? To trudge under mule-packs for miles and miles, kilometre upon kilometre, foot after foot, perhaps with two packs for the last long mile—how you gonna’—can a man use all his pep behind a ribbon counter after that? To live in mud, to sleep with rats, to endure with cooties, can the collegian pursue learning for learning’s sake as before? Paris, H. E. shells, mademoiselles, Sam Brownes, dead men, maimed children, submarines, England, Pershing, sausages, dead men, gas, lice, blood, submarines, maimed children, the armistice in France, Christmas in Germany, Fourth of July in New York or Homeburg—experiencing any or all of these makes the old life—as we were—impossible.

We are broadened or we are narrowed; depends on how much we think. Most of us are broadened. We are hardened or we are softened, depends on how we react to what we think. Most of us are hardened to endure, softened to respond. It is well we are not the reverse, softened, ready to quit; hardened, to the calls of sacrifice.

The war has ceased. But there is no peace. The

world is nervous. Problems confront us, the world, at every hand, the old problems of disease, the new—no the old but mounting problem of Bolshevism, the hopeful problems of education and government, the growing problem of population, the challenging social problem general.

Fortunately the Yank is used to facing problems. More than that, he is used to overcoming them. I have left the problems of religion out of the list, for I look at that not as a problem, but as the solution. Religion was the only force accused of failing to prevent the world catastrophe. Religion is the only solution offered with claims of being comprehensive. Socialism is offered as a panacea by a few heated fanatics. Religion is offered as a panacea by thousands of cool, sane Americans—Yanks.

Most of us will go back home with the spirit of adventure stronger. It is a healthy spirit. If we venture to apply Christianity (Christianity is the best religion—and the most adventurous), if we “bet our lives that there is a God,” if we take Christ seriously—how He lived, what He said—then the American Expeditionary Forces at home will be forces for wholesome uplift of humanity.

How will it work out? Jack will be kept down on the farm “digging in” in order to send little Bud-

die to college. He will be building "huts" where wholesome play, reading, entertainment, and instruction will build up the morale of his children, his neighbour's children, and his European neighbour's children. He will be leading in co-operation in sanitation, in buying and selling, in good roads, in good government. He will bring the city clinic to the country. He will have his hands full combating world problems with a vital religious faith down on the farm after he's seen Paree.

It may be harder after army life to keep the city Yank in his pent-up office or monotonous factory. They, too, will be kept from "paintin' the town" by a vital religious faith. With them social and political problems will be intensified. Let them wear out their pep in downing selfishness and freeing humanity. The pep will not then be fruitless. Let them spend their millions in foreign missions, and thus most surely prevent future wars. Let them co-operate with their buddies down on the farm in the splendid task of making America perfect.

Home, then what? Never, "As you were." Old things have been blasted out of our minds. New zest has been blasted into our minds. Something will take the place of the old things. In some manner the new zest will be spent. "When an unclean spirit

leaves a man, it roams through dry places in search of refreshment. As it finds none, then it says, 'I will go back to the house I left', and when it comes it finds the house clean and in order. Then it goes off to fetch seven other spirits worse than itself; they go in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." Let none of us who have had evil spirits blasted out by war experiences be found "clean and in order." Rather, let there be found a vital religious faith pervading, which will take sword against that spirit and all his kind.

XXI

CHARLES A. RAYMAN,

Cpl. 129 Bn., 258 Co., M.P.C.

Home Address: 1002 N. Clark St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

HUMPH! Here it's four months since the Armistice has been signed and not a single bit of encouragement of going home, laying on the floor of this old hay loft looking at the cobwebs and half freezing to death while nearby every other guy in the neighbourhood is back in God's country grabbing off the cream.

Casual companies, holding companies, replacement companies, training cadres and a million other darn knock abouts. I'm sick and tired of this eating off wheelbarrows, bridges, streets and the like. I wonder why in the deuce they couldn't have left me with my old company instead of busting us all up.

By Gosh! I guess I never will get home by the looks of things. I wonder where in the deuce the rest of the bunch is to-night? Trying to police some wood or a crap game somewhere, I suppose.

What the dickens is that noise out there? "Lo

Bill," where's the gang? For the love of Mike shut that darn door, what ya been doing, going over the top with Vin Blanc again? Gimme that paper you got in your pocket, and if you go out again be careful and don't fall down that ladder and bust your fool neck. I suppose the M. P.'s will have to carry you all home before you finish up this party, say! and try to police up a hunk of candle some place so we can find our shoes in the morning.

Don't see what made me hit the hay so early tonight. What's this? I wonder where he ever got hold of this paper. The official organ of the A. E. F. "Wholly Gee!" this is rich. Home going schedule, eh? Now that's interesting, loading 34 men per minute, all of the A. E. F. will be home by August, now who'd a thunk it? Well! Well!

Casuals and wounded carried into transports, gee whiz, I guess I'm lucky I ain't got any old scrap iron unloaded in my carcass at that, guess some of those poor guys will have a pretty tough time of it for a long while.

Well, this is some paper I'll say. Guess before long they will be getting us all out of here for home "Toot Sweet." "*Home.*" Wow, pretty hard to take—*Nit.*

"Home," then what? Yes, then what? I never

gave that a thought. Well, what the dickens should I do after I get there? Let's see now, how do I stand? This army stuff ought to help some, discipline, reveille, retreats, formations, etc., everything on the minute is punctuality that's a pretty good thing in business and appointments, I have heard, and a good asset. Setting-up exercises, calisthenics and care of the body—that ought to help some. Personal hygiene, kitchen police work, washing pots and pans, etc., ought to qualify me as a first-class dish washer in a restaurant or hotel some day. Bivouacing, trench digging, etc., qualifies me for a sewer digger or coal miner, that training cadre job furnished some opportunity to study men and human nature and may make a good railroad or street foreman out of me; then again, that Military Police training may help me get a job with some civilian police force and driving that truck might make me O. K. for a chauffeur position.

Then I have learned a lot about farming and the like by watching these Frenchmen and one good point learnt is that of conservation—the one great reason the foreigners are so successful in business back in old U. S. A.

All this training has got to come in handy when I get back, and if I go into business, I sure have

had plenty of opportunity to study the ways of men, having slept with them, drilled with them, eaten with them, etc.; that's a good item in itself and will come in handy most any time.

I'll be one of the last ones to get home but if I buckle down and get my shoulder behind the wheel, I guess I can push through, for in the army, competition and promotion were not as easy as I thought and when I made up my mind to get there I was pretty successful, and guess I ought to be able to do the same in civilian life also.

The old following don't look so good to me now and if I can locate a new line or a better opportunity, I guess everything will re-adjust itself O. K. all right; at any rate personal cleanliness, hygiene, etc., puts me all to the good and nothing lost even if some of the knocks have been tough ones, our forefathers fought for America and I guess I can do the same without kicking.

Glad they got all those wounded guys home first, and when I get back I won't be ashamed to shake them by the hand and say: "Well, buddy! Glad to see you and that everything is going well."

The financial situation will have to be studied out according to conditions but oh boy! I'm sure going to hit that old bath tub strong as soon as I get that

discharge and put on an ice-cream drive that will make my stomach forget every one of the weary days in France, then lock myself in a room, throw the key out the window, hang a sign on the door "Closed for ten days," crawl in the white sheets and forget there ever was buglers, soldiers, armies, cannons, guns or anything else.

Yeh! here comes the gang up the ladder. I better pull my head under the covers and go to sleep. If I say anything about home to those guys, there will be a hob-nail barrage "Toot Sweet."

XXII

RAYMOND BROTHERS,

Prvt. 1/c American School Detachment,

Clermont-Ferrand, APO No. 723, A.E.F.

Home Address: Claysville, Ohio.

HAD we been asked this question the day of the Armistice, the majority of us would have instantly replied that our greatest desire would have been to get out of knee-deep mud, to locate a decent place in which to sleep, to have had the pleasure of rummaging through the home-pantry for an apple pie, a bit of custard and to have sprawled down before a fine fire in order to absorb all the warmth possible for a couple of weeks; childish? Rather.

There are others whose energy will be expended in finding the old gang, in experimenting for a suitable substitute for beer or how to make a non-alcoholic cocktail with a kick. Still another class of individuals, more radical than the rest, will be concerned with emigration laws to countries where water is used for laundry purposes only.

But all these childish and impatient ideas of re-turning soon give way to something more rational;

out of an almost chaotic confusion of impressions, certain ones began to clarify.

The importance of this home going and its attendant considerations assume frightful proportions, and we find ourselves face to face with a number of questions of prime importance. They must be solved. Am I returning to the same old job? If so, sluggishly contented as before? Have I learned to know my fellowmen better after having bunked, eaten and fought side by side for so many months?

But that merely brings us down to where we begin finding questions all must settle. We find we were very selfish on questions of education, on all manner of community and social problems. Now we wonder how we ever managed to live satisfied with such narrow, dogmatic views.

Then, he who has the interests of the community at heart, he who wants to see a more wholesome and efficient system of education, a working religion, and whose aim is ever toward an eternal peace, must surely intend to examine and carefully weigh some of the following topics.

There is no better way to judge a nation than by examining its schools, colleges and educational sys-

tem. The principles underlying this will be the principles which govern the nation.

We sent to Europe during the past war, an army which speaks eloquently for American education. An education which permits of initiative, which brings out the best qualities of the men is the education toward which we are going to strive.

So, no finer task, no worthier work or no better profession lies before us than to take a leading hand in the education of young America. There is an unlimited field here for us men of the A. E. F. We who have had an unprecedented opportunity to travel and to compare methods with those abroad, we are going about this task with a broader understanding of our particular needs.

If America is to hold a leading place among the nations of the world, and this she has already proven, she must be the best educated. We are now paying more money for the education of our young citizens than any other nation in the world. It must be our duty to direct this expenditure and to make every dollar of that sum count one hundred percent.

The energy of young America is gigantic, and if directed into proper channels will be able to accomplish untold results. Yes, we must aid in making an educated America.

But good resolutions and ability to see clearly what must be done will amount to but little if we do not put some dynamics behind it. Work, and more work will be the keynote to success. Plans uncompleted are useless. Plans with proper materials, carried through according to those plans, bring completion. Then above all we are going to work. By that we do not mean endlessly or unintelligently, but good clean honest effort. This work may be at the desk, in the shop, at the plough handles or in the mine. All honest work is equally rewarded.

If we are a working nation we need have no fears but that in time we will have all other desirable things. They will come of their own accord. As a nation of workers, shall we not lead?

You have seen your comrades mowed down up there on the front by the enemy. They met death bravely. You have seen them suffer in first-aid stations and hospitals. You have seen those long lines of dead awaiting a trench, a grave, or more often a shell hole for burial. All the time you have been wondering and puzzling over how those men met death. It was wonderful, wasn't it? Perhaps a few of them were Sunday school lads. But those men had a working religion. They didn't boast about it, they often hid it from the ordinary ob-

server, but when it came to deliver the goods they were ready—willing.

Whatever else be our aim, there is one thing above all toward which we as a nation must strive—peace. To have any other end in view would be a direct refutation of our good intentions and endeavours so far numerated. No nation with any other end in view can long endure.

This war has furnished us a notable example. Germany, with a thrifty people, a colossal home industry and an immense foreign commerce had to lose because her foundations were built on a mere superstructure of Christianity. She attempted to build strongly by physical science alone, leaving out the essential features of a national conscience, of a true purpose and of a lasting peace. The weak superstructure crumbled and left her ruined.

We must avoid such development. If we want peace, let us seek it; rather, let us make it our goal. Let us be firmly resolved and assured that each succeeding generation will not have to pass through another conflict like that which closed on November 11, 1918. Yes, our programme will be a peace programme.

After all, we may attain these aims but still be lacking. We need still another asset if we are to be

real, energetic and intelligent citizens. We must join that great Brotherhood of Man.

That silent easy-going neighbour of yours whom you seldom saw and never really knew; remember that night when you went over the top? You were wounded and couldn't get back. 'Twas he who brought you aid, got you to the first-aid station and made you comfortable. No, you cannot forget it; nor will he forget that grip you gave him as he left. You knew him from that moment on. Have you more neighbours? Do you know them?

We simply cannot go back to pre-war levels. We must get a little above the dead level of humanity and reach out to these our fellow men with whom we are associated. We cannot go back to what we were before the war; we cannot permit any one with whom we come in contact to be what he was before. We must meet the situation as it now confronts us.

Then, each man of us is going back to a home or to form a home. 'Tis a man's greatest privilege to have a home, a wife, children. 'Tis our sacred duty toward our fellowman, the nation and toward our God.

Here in the home is where we are going to begin the new era. Here is the place to inculcate into the mind of the child the principles and teachings we

know to be true. If freedom, equality, and fraternity are to be the goals toward which we are going to direct the nation's efforts, surely no place is better adapted or more favourably suited for this beginning than here—in the little Republic of the Home.

XXIII

EUGENE A. THOMPSON,
Sgt. 93rd Co., A.S.C., A.E.F.,
Forwarding Camp, APO No. 762, Le Mans.

HUNDREDS of thousands of men are returning to civilian life from the Armies of the modern world to feel, and in turn to make you feel, "the Pathos of Distance" which separates battlefields in France from Beacon Street, Boston, or the main street of Coffeyville, Kansas. The readjustment and reconciliation of the two points of view in a single experience, not to say anything of the history of a nation, is a spiritual problem which few men have seriously anticipated on either side of the gulf.

The prospect that the present schism between the soldier and civilian mind can be overcome by any "ingenious works" which emanate from the deliberations of well meaning but unimaginative committees of welcome is poor. Your instinct for organisation, your fertile genius for saving works, may easily lead you astray here. The problem goes deeper than that, and finally resolves itself at last into the sterner task of a lonely self-discipline of the inner life. So

it has always been, so it will always be as the waiting civilian prepares himself to receive the home-coming soldier. When the two stand face to face again, no perfunctory mechanics of greeting can get across the rift—only a penetrating insight which is born of imagination and sympathy.

In the moment of initial reunion it is more than probable that the presence of this subtle gulf will not be felt. The gladness of the returning on the one side and the genuineness of the welcome and homage on the other will, pro tem, obliterate the rift which the War has set between the two. The first initial greetings will seem to be a reaffirmation of the old unity of the common life. But sooner or later, because the relations of human nature to experience are reasonably reliable, a difference in the point of view must make its appearance.

The first American draft took away from a small village in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia seventeen of her sons. Before they went away, thirteen of them had never slept a night away from home in all their lives. It is not within the bounds of possibility that those boys will come back the same way as they went away. The intervening months must bring some change. Life in the mountain village must forever afterward be looked upon

from an entirely different angle. It must be tested upon the touchstone of Château-Thierry and the Argonne Forest, which is of sterner stuff than the innocuous domesticities of the life in the mountain village.

Which is the better world, which is the real world may be an open question; but for these home coming men and for those who welcome them, there must be in the years immediately to follow, the consciousness and the collision of two very different worlds in the place of the former platitude of one world.

Every troop train, therefore, lumbering back to the channel ports with its freight of khaki; every westbound transport on the Atlantic in mid-winter, is a symbol of this "Pathos of Distance," a great question mark set against all the conventions of home.

The men are returning to the Allied homelands as the incarnation of a victorious democracy. But, of themselves, they are also the substance of a new spiritual democracy. The bluest blood in the veins of the civilian Brahmin is not half so blue as the blood in the veins of the humblest "Wop," "Dago" or "Nigger" in the A. E. F. who has seen hard service at the Front. Moral aristocracies are an inevitable by-product of every time of intense living. And

not even the fresh vindication of the democratic principle can blind our eyes to the new born aristocracy of men who are coming back to civilian life with the chilling certainty with which they are thoroughly imbued and coloured, that by virtue of their suffering they know more than the wisest of you can ever know, because they have been familiar with, and at home in many distant dreadful worlds of which you know absolutely nothing. Something more than the cracker barrel philosophy of the Blue Ridge village grocery store; something more than the platitudes which pass across mahogany desks in First National Banks, or overflow orthodox churches, will be needed to overcome the "Pathos of Distance," between the two worlds. The problem of the readjustment of the spiritual aristocrat to the "many-too-many" who make up his easy going democratic environment is always hard. But never was the task of reconciliation harder than now. In the welter of problems that are rolling on the shores of peace-times, like a ground swell after storm, none bulks bigger and more imperious than this.

In his absence civilians have told one another that the soldier would not come back the same he went. He will be changed, they have said. But how he will be changed they really do not know. Every

effort to forecast the change is tinged by their own point of view. They read into the expected change their particular codes and creeds which are still dear to them. And then they read them out again with the sanctions of the soldier to give them new validity. Are they Tories? Then the soldier will come back from the war cured of all the seductions to radicalism and pledged to a life of conservatism. Are they rebels? Then the soldier will have been infected by the virtues of revolt and will return a sworn "Red." Are they sectarians? Then the soldier's experience will have taught him the truth of their dogmas and he will come to take his place in their choirs and chant their creeds. . . .

Something of this sort, then, constitutes the principal task for those who, on the civilian side of our "Pathos of Distance," are seriously concerned to bridge the gulf: some perception that we have here the old but always new collision of the two great types of mind.

On the one hand, we have had at home a mind which, under the stress of war and the collision of ideals, has been freshly obsessed with the need for more and better systems, business, and politics. The enemy has proven to us that power of a systematic theology once a people are indoctrinated with it.

And so, preoccupied with your new systems, you go to the pier to meet the soldier, and greet him, in the hope that for the sake of civilisation, he will counter-sign your intellectual efforts with the sanctions of your experience.

Yet what greets you is not a mind like your own but a mind unlike your own—a mind which has been trained to suspect reflection as debilitating if not dangerous.

What is needed, then, on the part of the civilian, who looks with eager expectancy to the men of the home-coming armies, is not any system of thought, but a frame of mind, a mental and moral method which meets the soldier's own. By some solitary inner discipline, one by one, you must be reborn into the process of the soldier's inner life if the gulf is to be bridged.

In American homes there still linger the memory and tradition of staid young men whom the Civil War turned into wandering "Soldiers of Fortune." They are remembered or mentioned with a gesture of deprecation and regret. Outside the pale of humdrum life these detached uncles and second cousins went their way like rolling stones. But it may be questioned whether or not the fault was all theirs. Perhaps they could not find in the insipid concerns of

the "Reconstruction Period" after the Civil War challenge and opportunity for their capacity for risk.

So again men returning from France to a world which is still primarily concerned to "play the game safe" in religion, business and politics, may well question the validity of the ideal which you offer them and turn "Soldiers of Fortune" as did their ancestors.

Now then, as a conclusion to the whole title, it is to be noted that the habit of taking risks has generated in the soldier the further habit of selflessness. If you live a life of risk, you must give up primarily of thinking of self.

It is here that the soldier's life has touched most intimately the austere types of moral idealism. To think of self in action and to put self-salvation above risk for the cause, is to dally with the sin of treason for which military law knows no forgiveness. That way lies the firing squad. That so few men have yielded to the self-preserving instincts in the face of superhuman temptation is in itself one of the moral triumphs of the War.

"The Gulf," then, will never be bridged by any works of any obvious mechanical social structure. In so far as it is really bridged, it must be bridged by that sympathy and imagination in the civilian

soul which seeks to understand and reproduce in its own life the inner substance and method of the soldier-discipline. The soldier character has been approved and approved. The real testing of the development of civilian character in war time is yet to come. It comes with the returning soldier who brings to you no final system on which to try your patiently refurbished creeds, but rather a point of view, an intellectual method.

XXIV

LOUIS L. TORRES,
1845-1854 Jerome Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

NEVER mind the "And Then," gentlemen, but think of the real meaning of the word home for a man in O. D. uniform; think of that magic word and of what would a man do to be there; but since you don't give a hoot about its meaning to us, and the words you are interested to hear something about are "*and then, what*" I will do my best to make an extract of all the projects I have in mind as soon as I hit Hoboken.

I will go and see the demobilisation Camp Commander and ask him if he can turn me loose, with or without discharge, as that is immaterial to me. In case I succeed in this attempt to be free, I will take the fastest express that there is in the State of New York that will take me up to Manhattan. Upon arrival I will make the old lady "turn out the guard" and all military honours to be rendered to me; a general inspection will follow, everybody standing in "attention" until the command "rest" is given. After

all these ceremonies and compliments, which of course are made upon my own request, I will dismiss every one in the house, take off my uniform, put on my "civies," which by this time may be too big for me as I have lost about twenty pounds since enlistment, fact which is in contradiction to reports from the War Department which states that every man in the A. E. F. has gained twenty-five pounds while in the Army. . . .

I am a civilian now. I have the right to vote when I want and for the candidate that I want to vote for. I will have the great satisfaction of taking part or voice in the country going "dry" or "wet." I will see that my vote never goes to a man of Military genius or military tendencies. Furthermore, I will see that my vote is never given to a man who had anything to do with an army on the rear line.

Under no circumstances will I give a penny to representatives of religious or other organisations who claim to be working for the welfare of the boys at the front during the next war. If I was sure they would (the boys) get the benefit of such contributions, I would not hesitate to send them what they ask for, through the above named institutions, but honest to God, as I never got anything from them while I really needed, notwithstanding

the fact that my mother gave a lot of "dough" to those societies, I doubt if they (the boys) will really get what I give in the next war. I am of the opinion that the best thing to do in the next war is to claim exemption on the "grounds of being religious" and start working for one of those Welfare Institutions. I will never take a walk or even smile with girls who worked for the A. E. F. in Europe. Not because they are no good; no, they are O. K. They are too good for me, or at least, they were while they were in France. They could not promenade with an enlisted man in Europe. They could not walk around and smile to the soldiers of a free nation who are reputed to have won the war and made the world safe for Democracy; so, you see, pals, them girls were too good for us. But when I put on my civies, conditions are entirely different; then I will think to be a real hero. Then you will pick your own friends and do things according to your own will and in compliance with your own free G. O.'s. Oh, that I will be independent! Home and then Independence.

The nation is going "dry." There is no question about the measure being a good one as far as I am concerned, but for heaven's sake, keep it wet until I return, until I am demobilised. I want to get "stewed" that day. I want to get drunk in order to

drown the joy of having on once more the good old reliable civies. If I don't kill the joy with alcohol, the joy will kill me, and nobody under the sun wants to get killed after the war is over, or at least I have never heard of one. . . .

Will say something else in regard to my future plans, that is to say, when I will be free. My children will have a refined education so that when the new war breaks out, they will not have to enlist right away as their father did, but will make application for a commission if possible in the M. P. Service. There they will be fed accordingly and will prevent anybody from stealing their jam. My daughters will never go to work for the Army, as it is forbidden for them to walk around with soldiers, and that is one thing I would like them to do, to entertain and please the poor boys who fight while their mothers stay at home suffering the tortures of Hell.

The next war will be fought in France, that's a cinch, as everybody who starts an argument in any corner of the world comes to settle it here. Well, gents, if our Armies have to come here every time something starts, I believe the best thing for me to do is to begin making experiments of how to preserve ham and eggs to send to my boys overseas.

They will, I am sure, appreciate it. The love for my mother and sweetheart has grown to such an extent for the last two years that when I return I will tire them with all the attentions of the man who has been deprived of a family for a long time. Only God knows what it is to be away from home under orders. . . .

To get a job I will depend on my own knowledge of the business, and not on the reputation of being a war veteran, as many already think. My motto will be "no war talk." What is the use, anyway? There will be many heroes up home. You will find them usually in the bar rooms annoying bar-tenders, that is if the country has not gone dry. You will find fellows who got wounded in every bone of their bodies and who, notwithstanding that, were present at all the great battles of Freedom of this great War. Their Service Records at the War Department will not show most of the exploits they talk about, but, what is the use? They claim they are heroes, and they must be when they admit it.

The heroes will be so numerous that I think it will be a good tactic to avoid being taken as one. The best thing to do, to my opinion, is to keep quiet and try to forget the guys who got away with murder as they say in the Army, while their comrades

or countrymen were giving their young sweet lives so that others might live. By this I mean the Bolsheviks, I. W. W., Pacifists, Anarchists, Slackers, etc., and many others whom the "doughboy" knows but can say nothing for the time being.

XXV

RALPH UNDERWOOD,
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Minneapolis, Minn.

A CHANGED man faces a changed country whenever a soldier of the American Expeditionary Force steps from the gangplank to the land which he left ages ago, as history runs. The two-fold nature of the change constitutes the given condition; to forecast the result is the problem. Obviously, any solution which does not take into account the mutual character of the reaction will fail in this respect of completeness and truth. The men of the A. E. F. know of the change in themselves from experience, and in America from hearsay only; so that their ideas as to their future actions must necessarily be suggestive rather than authoritative.

This much they know: their first duty when they get back is to themselves. In the main, the biggest tangible sacrifice that they have made is the economic one; and until they can get partial restitution for this in the form of employment which will

relieve the most temporary needs of their families, where such exist, it is useless to look to them for constructive and disinterested aid to the government in the new and critical era of world politics. This fact emphasises the need for the supplying of returned soldiers with jobs of some kind, even if only such artificial ones as might be furnished by temporary construction projects undertaken by the government. Of course, such measures would not solve the problem of re-employment; but they would put the demobilised soldier upon a more equal footing with the worker who has stayed at home and who, by very reason of the high wages which have raised the prices that the soldier must pay, has accumulated a reserve enabling him to tide over a period of industrial slackness and to choose his permanent work with some freedom from the goad of immediate necessity. Few soldiers have saved such a reserve from their allotment-riddled pay, and war-time prices have often more than swallowed up their allotments. This was to be expected, and they do not whine about it; all they want is a fighting chance to stand or fall on their own merits when awakened industry finds its stride. This much they demand as a right, by the recognition of which they will largely judge the new America that they find. More than

this would be charity, which above all else they dread.

America, then, has a duty to the returning soldier, whose fulfillment may require radical legislation before the end of 1919. In return, there is much that the one-time soldier may and should do for his country. His position will enable him to wield, in the aggregate, a powerful influence on public sentiment—and herein lies both a promise and a menace. In so far as his opinions are reasoned, careful, and based upon impartial observation, they will be an asset to the nation; in so far as they are emotional, impulsive, and coloured by purely personal grievances, they will be dangerous. It is natural for the man who has borne his share in the fray to feel that his personal experience entitles him to speak with authority; but the very weight which his words will carry in his own immediate circle entails upon him the obligation to analyse his statements, and to guard against sweeping generalisations for which he has insufficient grounds.

Such generalisations, when they appear, will be found usually to be “against” something; because the mood of resentment brought about by personal grievances is not likely to confine its charges to specific causes. The man who has been “over there”

may have seen flagrant examples of inefficiency and waste in government methods; but this does not entitle him to say that America's war work was poorly handled as a whole, and that thousands of lives were intentionally sacrificed. He may have been mistreated by his particular military superiors; but such an experience does not justify an attack upon the whole officer class. He may have seen real merit and service go unrewarded while drunkenness and incompetency were dragged into higher places; but he does not know that nothing but "lodge membership and hand-shaking" entered into army promotions. He may have been overcharged by a Y. M. C. A. secretary; but he has no right to condemn on that account the work of the whole organisation in France. He may have been cheated by several Frenchmen; but that does not qualify him to pass judgment upon France's motives in calling for an amendment to the League of Peace. His range of experience has after all been narrowed both by natural human limitations and by the restriction and censorship of military life. When there is a worthy point to be gained by an attack upon some person or practice deserving of it (and there will be many such), he should not hesitate to criticise, but so far as he is wise he will avoid the rather common tend-

ency to indulge in bitter, unreasoning complaints against conditions for which he could not have named a remedy.

Fortunately, the evils of such blanket charges, born as they are of undirected resentment, will probably be far more than counterbalanced by the positive, useful facts and ideas which have in most cases been impressed upon the soldiers by their experience in Europe. The average olive-drab-clad visitor from the States had had no conception of the immense difference between his own people and the civilised peoples of Europe. He had been prepared for a change, but for nothing like the complete new world into which he suddenly found himself transplanted. He found peasants farming as their grandfathers had farmed, and apparently not looking for a better way of doing it; he found the idea of sanitation practically unknown; and last, but not least he found the sum total of those elements which are forced to work under cover in a respectable Puritan community flaunted openly in his face. The result was that his esteem for America mounted skyward with a tremendous leap, while from his first impressions, his regard for Europeans fell correspondingly toward the zero point. Longer acquaintance tended almost always to modify this judgment in favour of

Europeans; but it could scarcely be expected that the average unphilosophical American soldier could in so short a time as a year learn to understand and appreciate all or the best features of a civilisation so utterly like his own as that, say, of the French. As a matter of fact, the American soldier's final judgment of any of the Latin nations he may have visited, even as mellowed and modified by later discoveries or unsuspected virtues, will probably continue to suffer in fairness because of imperfect understanding. However, time and the general trend of interpretative literature will make amends for this injustice, and in the meantime Europe's loss is America's gain. His increased pride in his own country is going to make the returning soldier more solicitous of its welfare. While he has grown impatient of certain army methods, his overseas experience has taught him the value of the fundamental form of government back of the objectionable details, so that his criticism will not on the whole be destructive of more than non-essentials. So far from creating a spirit of Bolshevism, A. E. F. experience in general will tend to a stauncher and more enlightened Americanism.

Nor will the Americanism thus intensified be tinged with a belligerent and narrowly nationalistic

spirit. Militarism—the doctrine that a certain amount of war is a good thing in itself—will not find an echo in the heart of the average man who has seen service. He knows war for what it is, and no amount of shouting and of “spread-eagling” can make him believe it glorious. He knows its attendant privations and far-reaching misery, its hatred-breeding, its abnormal temptations and consequent wide-spread lowering of moral standards, and its excessive waste of life and wealth for vanquished and victors alike. He is impressed, if he be of a thoughtful type, by its illogical cleavage of society on moral issues without a corresponding sifting of individuals on the basis of personal merit (for not all his nominal “friends” are fit personally to associate with a few official “enemies,” in spite of the far greater justice of the former’s causes). Knowing all this, he will naturally welcome any device which will tend to make wars less frequent. More than this, he will take an intense personal interest in those affairs of his country which in any way involve the possibility of war. His interest in the nation’s internal affairs will be as keen if not keener than ever; but it will be profoundly modified by his awakened sense of the international significance of these affairs. He has been out in the world and has seen its jealousies and

friction at first hand, and he realises that the time has come when his country must take them always into account. In other words, he will be not less a citizen of the United States, but much more of a citizen of the world.

The problem thus resolves itself into a question, first, of the resourcefulness and generosity of changed America, in providing for her returning sons, and secondly, of the good sense and judgment of those changed sons in the use of their acquired knowledge and influence. Both factors in the reaction will fall short of perfection; but no one who believes in democracy can doubt that the result will be beneficial, on the whole, both to the nation and to the men who battled so unselfishly for its ideals. The path of duty for both is clear; and the sound core of the A. E. F. opinion may be relied upon, for its own part, not to endanger the "great experiment in democracy" to which America is pledged.

XXVI

MONTE B. WELLMAN,
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Home Address: Catlettsburg, Kentucky.

“WHEN I go home I intend to——” So begins the soldier when he talks of the day when he will set foot once more upon the soil of the United States and receive his discharge from the Service. Many and varied are the avowed intentions of these men.

Many have already made plans for a rousing good time to be had on the money saved during the period spent in the Army. As a rule these men are ones whose parents are living and are keeping the home in readiness for the return of *their* Hero. They expect their soldier boy to enjoy a few weeks of rest and in a way it is nothing more than his due. It must be considered, however, that this boy has a home awaiting his return. His own room, his own bed. Everything just as he left them to go to War kept neat and tidy by a Mother's loving hands. This soldier is going home and what the future holds forth worries him not a particle.

Home. That word to me has always conjured up

pictures of a long, snowy, cloth covered table. A stout, jolly elderly man sits at the head of that table wielding a carver, while facing him at the other end is seated a smiling comfortable appearing matron who listens to the chatter of her brood as they discuss merrily across the width of napery the happenings of the day. When the meal is ended, Father seeks his paper and an easy chair. Mother prepares to hear the lessons of her youngest while Big Brother disappears within the upper regions of the house to don his most attractive tie in honour of a certain charming young feminine visitor in the neighbourhood. Sister reclines gracefully in a wicker chair on the vine covered porch awaiting the appearance of some one else's Big Brother.

That is Home to return to. Father, mother, sister, brother, and there might be a sweetheart just across the way.

But what of the man who previous to entering the Service did not know or had not known for many years the real meaning of the word home? This man belonged to the order of the wandering foot. North, South, East and West had he drifted. Parents dead and no immediate relatives, or at least no one who would welcome him "Home" and make that home real to him.

During his stay overseas his longing for home had grown stronger and stronger until he would reiterate with pathetic emphasis the fact that "When we got Home," etc. He knew then down deep that he had no home, but he wanted one and wanted it so hard that it hurt.

It will be that want and that hurt that will delude many of our discharged soldiers to accept offers of false friendship which last only as long as the dollars do. There comes the critical moment in his career and it is only a matter of a few days before it can be determined whether or not he will become a useful citizen of his country, a worker, a home builder and the father of sturdy upstanding young Americans.

If the former soldier allows the "good time" idea to predominate in his mind he is taking great chances of "coming to" in some dive down Tenderloin way without a dollar in his pockets. As his befuddled brain strives to readjust itself he will have those drowning man flashes of remembrances of what he should have done. The new civilian clothes he should have purchased. The position he was to have acquired. Too late.

In desperation he may turn to the Army, disgusted with himself, every one else and with life in

general. In that condition of mind he would hardly make a good soldier. So his career is entirely spoiled.

Judging from the experiences of thousands of soldiers who have been recently discharged in the United States it is evident that the first step after receiving final payments and bonus money should be the immediate purchase of civilian wearing apparel. The articles do not necessarily have to be expensive for as long as they are neat they will answer the purpose any way for the time being. Shoes will be another important item. The ex-soldier could not do better than to provide himself with a pair or two of russet or (as popularly known in the Army) garrison shoes. It is understood that these shoes may be purchased in army camps at about \$5.50 a pair. They shine easily and really present a very nice appearance.

The next step is to locate a respectable boarding house and there pay for at least two weeks' board and lodging. There is nothing that will give a man more courage when tackling a strange (and it will seem strange) proposition than the knowledge that he has a meal awaiting him and a place to lay his head after a hard day. Quite naturally many men will hesitate at parting with two or three weeks' board money in a lump sum, especially if the amount of his

funds is low, fearing that "a fellow can't have any fun without beaucoup jack." That is not true.

It is possible, even in these mercenary times, to find a boarding place conducted by a woman who really has the interest of her boarders at heart. She will welcome the returned soldier, not particularly for monetary reasons, but because she may have a boy of her own and, if not, had always longed for one. Every one in the house will, in all likelihood, try to make things pleasant for him and some will be in a position to help in many ways until the stranger gets back into civilian stride. And too, there may be a nice girl who will be interested in hearing of his experiences. It will not be expected that this should develop into a love affair, though if she is a real, honest-to-goodness girl, and he has become able to "stand alone," there are far worse things that could befall him.

When once started in civilian employment it would be well to appreciate the fact that wages or salaries are not the only things to consider. If the work is unfamiliar, the former fighter will not be worth much to his employer but if he buckles down to it and sticks to it, he is simply bound to make good. Once that feeling is acquired that "I am making myself useful to my employers and I will go

through with this just as we did over there no matter how hard the going," then the battle is fairly won.

Home—then what? It is a great sporting proposition if one cares to look at it in that light. To go back to civilian life under entirely new conditions. To overcome the drawbacks of these conditions. To surmount all obstacles and carve a niche for oneself.

The first experience will be like that of the small boy learning to swim, a plunge—a gasp—then frantic motions of feet and hands to the result of much lost labour and apparently no success. It is not long, however, before the beginner finds himself and has little or no trouble keeping on top and making good headway.

After the first plunge into civilian life and the novelty wears away, the former wanderer will undoubtedly feel the urge of the Wanderlust. The desire to stroll along strange by-ways and to visit new scenes will be strong upon him. A sure cure for that feeling is to recall the hike into Germany. There is little doubt that the soft white bed will seem much more soft and desirable to the ex-soldier that night. Stick-to-it-iveness seems to be the keynote of success. The soldier well knew how that quality worked during the war. It will apply just as well with a man's own personal fight for the good

things of life. After success comes the possibility of home. A home of your own, a wife, children. Can a man ask more? Home and then—it is up to us.

XXVII

Sergeant, Medical Department.

WE have standardised cars, breakfast foods, textbooks, styles, hymns, houses and ideas. We have got to be careful or we shall before long find ourselves standardised men. After that, a long farewell to any life worth the living. Already things have come to such a pass that if you view with jaundiced eye the editorials of the "Morning Yellow" you are regarded with alarm by your friends. And this cried-up standardisation is not democracy, as too many seem to think, nor even a distant friend to democracy. It is in fact its worst enemy. The substantial hope of any rule by the people is always for a higher and higher level both of thinking and of living. The reassuring thing in all the turmoil is that democracy seems to rise superior, especially at critical moments, to the mouthings of sloppy sentimentalists who pose as the friends of liberty. In spite of standardisation, it is always the super-standard men who exercise the ruling influence, the individualities, never the crowd. We shall get on better if we recognise that primary fact. Make it possible

to multiply the few men in America who really save us from stagnation by a hundred or a thousand, and you can move the world. Ask Wilson. He knows.

As to what happens to a nation, or person, that allows itself to be stultified, cajoled, bullied into standardisation, ask Wilhelm, Der Zweite. He knows. . . .

Two years in the army should have made some millions of Americans a bit more introspective, more interested in all sorts of things, more honest with themselves than ever before. And from my own observations I should say it has. We must—there is no escaping the imperative—we must take accurate stock of our minds and of the things that, surrounding us, are part of ourselves. That means throwing away hypocrisy, pretense of any kind, having an eye single to the happiest way to a higher plane of life. Not because it is higher but because it is reasonably nearer to that estate of freedom of spirit where all admirable things may have happy issue to the light.

More directly: How are you going to free the spirit of my neighbour who sleeps, not considerately, but too well o' nights, is the father of four, mows his lawn regularly and seems altogether a decent and contented person?

When it comes to thinking, what does he know about the exciting interests that fairly hum in the air nowadays—woman suffrage, international and home-grown politics, pictures, books, education, music, capital and labour? Does he care about any or all of them? Does he understand as he should that the right to vote in a republic carries with it as many duties as it does privileges, indeed more of them? Therefore, he must concern himself with these matters if he and the nation are to count in this eternal struggle for progress that we are always talking about so glibly. If he is a tired business man, let him become familiar with the notion of being more tired. If he is not interested in the world as it is, how compel him to be? That is the question.

Perhaps he is a little too prosperous about the waist-line to be a fit subject for intensive cultivation of spirit, or morale, as it is called of late. The answer is, begin not on the father, but on the four he has fathered. And there is the nearest answer, nearest in point of practicability to most "burning" questions—education.

Education is almost a fetish among us Americans. It is a subject on which you can always get a hearing, and also many responses. There lies the difficulty. There are too many cooks to produce a

strengthening broth. No experiment seems too silly to be tried, somewhere, on some unoffending members of the newer generation if only the sponsor of the "movement" calls his nostrum progressive. Methods and madness are near allied. What though the youngsters can neither spell, write or read if they can dance agreeably about the May-pole or delineate whole constellations in cut paper. Throw mental discipline to the dogs. Few people really believe in the eighteenth century dictum that all men are created free and equal. Biologically impossible. But we may presume that all of them are born with rudiments of brains of some sort. The best approximation, then, to the ideal is to give them free and equal opportunity. There is insistent need of this in a republic. In a monarchy a certain stratum is always ready and more than willing to supply headliners to this, that or the other service of the State. It keeps, as it were, stars on tap. With us we trust too much to luck. We must reduce so far as possible the chances for disaster by tempting, even daring everybody to show whether he has, or has not, something valuable in him. If he has not, he will at least form part of a sound foundation for the more showy towers and pinnacles.

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Is it, then, to be a different America when we get back, or the same as before? Here's to the newer, arising America, free as never before, intelligently aiming at the stars; unafraid of portentous words and pretentious politicians; afraid of hypocrisy and ignorance; keen-eyed before her own defects, no less critical of Europe and Asia; glad in health, strength, sanity; guarding always the sacredness of her own soul which is also that of all her men.

SELECTED EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED ESSAYS

“WHAT greater opportunity have we, than now to instill that feeling of being your neighbour’s helper and help preserve the unity not only of ourselves as individuals but as a nation?”

.

“The men of the A. E. F. must pull together if the future generations of America are to be benefited by our efforts and trials on this side of the water.”

.

(A soldier whose name indicates that he is probably a Pole, writes a letter in perfect English and excellent penmanship from which the following is a brief extract:)

“The only school I had in America was a night school which I was able to attend two years. I had six years of public school in Europe but that is all. Please let me know if there is anything wrong about this letter.”

.

“I have Service 4 year in U S A Army and I want say that this has made some men. Better than they ever was in there whole life. If army men get in trouble it His own fault and now body But Him that Cause.”

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“I am going home to fight for better schools and churches.”

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“On my return home it is my duty to help raise the morale of the men to its highest standard and to co-operate in creating good will and fellowship toward all, and I will use my influence to the best of my ability to make my community a better place to live in.”

.

“This great war has woke the People of America up. I have learned a good deal since I have been in France and I would never want to see America come to what France is to-day.”

.

“This war has made me love my mother more, and is making me restless to tell the folks in America the lessons I have learned.”

.

“Who can be a true soldier without some pride in himself and his fellowmen?”

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“Each soldier should ever be mindful that in after-war years it is still his duty to his God, his country and himself to be a good soldier, helping each and all as he did when he was upon the battle-field.”

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“Let no one curse Columbus for having discovered America. An immigrant is a guest who does the work we don't want to do ourselves or want done by our children. We should be grateful to him. Either prevent immigrants from coming to America or kill those who are already there or leave them alone or educate them and make Americans out of them. The word American to hostile ignorant foreigners is not sympathetic. Comrade is the word that they understand. That means something to every one.”

.

“One of the most tragic facts about the war is that it has gone on in Christendom. The picture in the 2nd Psalm has been reversed. The African heathen has asked ‘why do the Christians rage?’ Wars must be prevented in the future by a control

of international life and this may best be accomplished through a 'League of Nations.' "

.

"The war is over. But is war over? To the soldier who is inclined to farming there is still a war between man and the insects; to the soldier who is inclined to medicine there is still a war between man and disease; to the soldier who is inclined to philanthropy there is still a war between man and ignorance; to the soldier who is inclined to preaching there is still a war between man and sin."

.

"Higher education without a soul is more than a farce—it is a very 'sorceress of Hell' itself. We must get away from German ideas of education because education must become synonymous with civilisation. That may appear simply a personal statement, but I assure you it is the opinion of most of our boys."

.

"If we allow the subtle teachings of 'Kultur' to influence our minds we shall at last come to the place where we do not know what we believe, nor believe what we know—a condition of despair closely akin to the divine madness which began the war."

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“We have seen a Nation stampeded by lies and propaganda, and we are for universal truth.”

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“Home means that Heaven hallowed spot where is the family hearth be it where the spreading meadows and trickling brook delight the eye and enlarge the soul, or where is that snug little bungalow by the side of the street where the children of men go by. The first place that we will begin our work is at home and rightly so, for the home is the foundation of our whole social and political system. Those of us who have not homes of our own, expect to have some day and we do not expect that some day to be very far off in many cases. And let me whisper a secret; the boys of the A.E.F. do not have any conception of a real happy home without there being children there.”

.

“We can but answer to our comrades who lie ‘where poppies grow’ the good arm of American youth shall forge a link with the hammer of comradeship, and of the anvil of justice and fair play, a link whose strength shall not break faith with the cause for which they gave themselves a sacrifice, and a link whose workmanship shall stand the criticism of the artist Time.”



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